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BRASS IMAGE

How the Services Have Made Security — In the Big Pentagon Package — America's Largest Selling Commodity

DEREK SHEARER

AFTER TIJERINA

La Raza, the Land and the Hippies

Peter Nabokov

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEONARD WOOLF

Edwin J. Kenney, Jr.

RALPH MILLS on DAVID IGNATOW

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LETTERS

steam lives

Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs: We read A. Q. Mowbray's excellent article "The Steam Car May Save Us" [*The Nation*, Feb. 23] and the letter from David Gurin [Mar. 23] indicating that the steam car is dead.

As publishers of a forthcoming book entitled *The Steam-Powered Automobile: An Answer to Air Pollution* by Andrew Jamison, perhaps we are prejudiced, but we do not believe that . . . Mr. Lear should or could have the final say on the development of the steam car. Not only are the Thermal Kinetics, General Steam, and Thermo Electron corporations working on the steam car, and not only is a vehicle being prepared for the Los Angeles city police on order but the steam bus is being developed, and President Nixon's research council aimed at developing a pollution-free automobile is investigating the possibilities of a steam external combustion engine for development by the U. S. Government.

Bernard Perry, Director
Indiana University Press

war and marriage

Falls Church, Va.

Dear Sirs: I found "Kicking the Defense Habit" by James J. Treires [*The Nation*, Feb. 23] both interesting and disturbing. I am not enough of an economist to evaluate the validity of his thesis that defense spending alone has propped up the GNP and our close-to-full employment since the days of World War II. While his argument has a ring of truth, it ignores that age-old dictum that the first duty of a state is to survive. Admittedly, this dictum has been used by men of ill will for centuries to justify aggression, but no workable alternative seems to have emerged.

World peace, like successful marriage, demands considerable effort and good will on both sides. Pitiable indeed is that relationship in which one partner gives all while the other takes all. We should not hand the shovel to those who have sworn to "bury" us.

King J. Coffman, Lieut. Col., Infantry

fire call

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: On March 23 a fire destroyed the Jane Addams House, national headquarters since 1946 of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and center for peace activities in the Philadelphia area. . . .

We have set up temporary headquarters and have begun the tedious task of reorganization so that we might continue to service our 145 branches and to participate in peace and freedom work with other organizations.

In time of such an emergency, we must appeal not only to our membership but to our friends to help us over these difficulties. Contributions may be sent to WILPF, 1738 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

Katherine L. Camp, President
U.S. Section

credit

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Some of the data reported in my "Economics of Rock" [*The Nation*, Mar. 9] was supplied by sociologists Richard Peterson and David Berger. My acknowledgment of their contribution was inadvertently edited out of the article. I take this opportunity to thank them for making this information available.

Paul M. Hirsch

EDITORIALS

Anatomy of a Victory

The point of immediate interest is to account for the stunning 51-to-45 rejection of the Carswell nomination by the Senate. The reasons sort out into secondary-tactical, primary-substantive. Some considerations in the first category were: the move to recommit the nomination was shrewd and, in the end, paid off handsomely. It was Fulbright's idea and it proved to be the means by which he, Spong and Gore were kept in line. The aggressive leadership of Sen. Birch Bayh—and of Cranston, Hart and Proxmire—was important. Senator Hruska gave the opponents of the nomination an enormous boost by advancing the "mediocrity" argument. Attorney General Mitchell was, as usual, crude and maladroit. With the Senate in adjournment over the Easter holiday, his office fed the media with stories that Carswell would be confirmed. Not only was there no basis in fact for this optimism but it provided the opposition with excellent cover for their activities.

An important factor was the barrage of resolutions and statements (some of excellent quality) from law school faculties. These statements provided the perfect local protection for Senators such as Burdick (North Dakota) and Prouty (Vermont) who are up for re-election. One should mention too the splendid editorial leadership of *The Washington Post*. Individual citizens made significant contributions: for example, a local newsman turned up Carswell's segregationist speech of 1948, and Mrs. George Lewis of Tallahassee, despite much personal abuse and indecent pressure on her husband (associated with a local bank), provided the opposition with vital information. And one should also mention Sen. Margaret Chase Smith who, with her usual canny sense of timing, built up the tension by keeping her thoughts to herself until the final hour and then provided one of the two critical votes (the other was that of Sen. Marlow Cook of Kentucky).

But these are all tactical considerations. Carswell was rejected, essentially, because a majority of the Senate is deeply concerned about the integrity and independence of the Supreme Court and the public respect for it. The Senate was aware that President Nixon may have a chance to submit as many as three or four nominations during his first—and we hope his last—term. From August until the final vote on Carswell, the Senate had been almost constantly preoccupied with the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations, the low caliber of which forced it to do some serious thinking about the Court. Both nominations proved that Mr. Nixon is quite willing to use nominations for partisan political purposes and to undermine the Court's prestige by naming mediocrities. One Senator told us that he was primarily concerned about what he termed "the branches issue," that is, the importance of maintaining three independent branches of government. The racial issue was, of course, a factor, but the prime consideration

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was neither racial nor ideological. What weighed most heavily was a deep concern over the independence and integrity of the Court. By rejecting the Carswell nomination, the Senate has not merely rebuked the President for his cynical partisan attitude toward the Court; it has renewed, at a critical moment, confidence in its own wisdom and judgment.

Quiet Voice: Business Suit

Enough of Attorney General Mitchell's program for repression has now surfaced to make the pattern clear. First the nationwide crackdown against the Black Panthers; next the Chicago Conspiracy Case; now the conspiracy indictment against the Weathermen ("white panthers") who participated in the "days of rage" (the case has been assigned—we are assured by a meticulously impartial system of rotation—to Judge Julius Hoffman). More recently but largely unnoticed, the U.S. Attorney in St. Louis, acting on Mitchell's orders, has opened a grand jury investigation into certain anti-ROTC activities that took place on the campus of Washington University; some forty or more persons, mostly students but including two faculty members, have received subpoenas. In this instance Mitchell wants to secure an indictment based on the theory that student protests against ROTC constitute an interference with the civil rights of ROTC cadets under a federally funded program. If he succeeds, he obviously hopes to step directly into other campus situations, since almost any campus is today the beneficiary of federally funded research. What, then, is the pattern disclosed by these actions?

First of all it is an attempt to federalize certain types of crimes which have always been regarded as local in character, such as disorderly conduct, assault, spitting on sidewalks, parading without a permit, etc. Stated in broader terms, the Attorney General proposes to shift the policing of confrontation politics from local communities to the federal government, local governments being, in his opinion, too susceptible to political pressure. Furthermore, the Department of Justice has superior facilities: the FBI, centralized direction, and—at its disposal always—larger armed units for enforcement. The purpose is obvious. For example, the Weathermen in Chicago last October violated numerous local laws and were arrested and charged with these offenses. There was no need for the federal government to escalate the action against them. But Mitchell wants to evolve a concept of "mass guilt" through the use of conspiracy indictments under the hastily enacted Rap Brown Anti-Riot Act of 1968. Such a concept will enable him to proceed against "the movement" itself, whether black, student or women's liberationist. The 1968 statute also stipulates that riots or disruptions interfering with a business in interstate commerce constitute criminal offenses.

In brief, Mr. Mitchell, with the President's approval, is perverting the provisions of federal civil

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rights legislation. One might say that this legislation also aimed at "federalizing" certain types of local offenses, but there is this vital difference: civil rights legislation aims at protecting rights guaranteed under the federal Constitution. A policeman's right not to be spat on, called a pig, or kicked in the shins, is his by reason of local enactments. Mitchell is attempting to turn civil rights legislation around and use it against groups that seek to exercise their civil rights through meetings, parades, protests and demonstrations. Such interference constitutes a direct and flagrant interference with States' rights, but it has, of course, the enthusiastic approval of Senator Thurmond, George Wallace and other advocates of States' rights. Just recently Mr. Mitchell announced that local ordinances governing parades might have been adequate in horse-and-buggy days, but now need to be honed to a sharper edge. (What is more local than a parade?) And there are other illustrations of what Mr. Mitchell is up to; see, for example, Paul Hoffman's article in this issue, p. 454.

This program constitutes "a clear and present danger," but so great is the current preoccupation with crime and "law and order" that we are in danger of permitting, by default, this grim-lipped Attorney General to fashion the legal structure of a new-style police state. Nor can we expect a Supreme Court fashioned by Nixon and Mitchell to save us. What Mayor Lindsay said in his Charter Day address at Berkeley is right to the point:

> We have seen all too clearly that there are men—now in power in this country—who do not respect dissent, who cannot cope with turmoil, and who believe that the people of America are ready to support repression as long as it is done with a quiet voice and a business suit. And it is up to us to prove that they are wrong.

Clandestine Militarism

The United States today is largely run by the military services and the Central Intelligence Agency. The ordinary citizen doesn't see this, but just two items appearing in *The New York Times* on April 5 should have opened his eyes: Richard Halloran's story, "Air America's Civilian Façade Gives It Latitude in East Asia" and Peter Grose's "Pentagon Slips Its 'Goodies' to Its Friends."

Reporters must watch their wording when they write stories of this type. Thus Halloran, noting that Air America and subsidiaries, with 167 aircraft and 9,300 employees, performs diverse missions, ranging from Korea to Indonesia, says cautiously that it "is believed to be a major link for the CIA's extensive activities throughout Asia." His long story leaves no doubt that Air America is a major airline in personnel, aircraft and ground facilities, and if the reader questions that it is a CIA operation he must also question that the moon is a satellite of the earth. Who but the CIA would be parachuting Meo tribesmen and assorted secret agents behind North Vietnamese lines in Laos, or training mechanics for the aviation division of the national police in Thailand, ferrying U.S. Air Force men from Okinawa to Japan and South Korea, and dispatching intelligence flights from Taiwan toward or over Communist China?

One of the excuses for keeping these operations under a flimsy civilian cover is that it enables the U.S. Government to disclaim responsibility when certain "dirty tricks" miscarry. But the cover is itself a dirty trick on the American people and, to some extent, the Congress. In the March 9 *Nation*, Michael Klare described "The Great South Asian War." Air America is a key organization enabling the military (including the CIA) to carry on that war with a minimum of publicity. Of course, this is done with the approval of the Nixon Administration, as of the Johnson administration before it, but a large degree of initiative and operational freedom remains with the military, who can get credit in Washington for their successes and play down their failures.

The other story was largely covered in a *Nation* editorial, "The Phantom Phantom Jets" (February 2) and is further amplified by Rep. Silvio O. Conte (R., Mass.) who discovered by accident that nearly $160 million worth of military equipment had been slipped to Chiang Kai-shek's government on Taiwan. The Chinese Nationalists are not the only beneficiaries of this Pentagon gimmick. The technique is to declare items as surplus, whereupon they may be disposed of on an accounting basis of one-third their value, or less. Congress has been cutting down on the Military Assistance Program (MAP). By discounting its equipment, the Pentagon can triple the amount of hardware it distributes to anti-Communist governments without exceeding the dollar ceiling. Thus Greece, Turkey, South Korea and Nationalist China receive large stocks of military equipment practically free.

Peculiarism: East and West

Franco's Spain has at least one thing in common with the Russia of Brezhnev and Kosygin. It is peculiarism—the notion that a regime is faced by a national character so special and refractory that considerations otherwise of universal validity do not apply. In particular, that democracy would be so dangerous to such a state that it must be resolutely curtailed, if not barred altogether.

The Spanish regime bars it altogether. One thing must be said for Franco; he is candid in his relations with his subjects. He has never made a secret of his contempt for the Spanish people. Cracking down on recent speculation about the possibility of liberalizing Spain's political system, he declares that any such move would be tantamount to urging a reformed alcoholic to start drinking again. The article in which, in collaboration with his principal aide, he propounded this thesis, ends on a defiant note:

"So our system is different? Perhaps, but so what? Some day perhaps it will not be different because others may come to adopt our system or a similar one, but even if not, our peculiarity is no defect." That is, the Spanish people are so constituted that if

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they were given a taste of democracy they would become raging anarchists or Trotskyites, or succumb to some other horrible aberration.

In the Soviet Union the rationalizations are somewhat different. The Russian intelligentsia are strongly tempted by democracy and no small number of individuals are vocal in their criticism of bureaucratic repression. When they become too obstreperous, the government cracks down on them: someone is always being sent to Siberia, or certified as insane, or at the least is kicked out of a writers' union by way of admonition. However, some of the protesters are so important that it is impractical to shut them up. Thus the eminent physicist, Academician Andrei D. Sakharov, in company with two like-minded intellectuals, is said to have addressed a 4,000-word appeal for democratization to Brezhnev, Kosygin and Podgorny. This document, reproduced in the April 13 *Newsweek*, sets forth at length the Soviet failure to keep up with the capitalist West in technology. In the application of computers to industry and the economy, the authors say, "the gap is so wide that it is impossible to measure it. . . ."

And the diagnosis? "The source of our difficulties is not the Socialist structure. On the contrary, it lies in those peculiarities and conditions of our life that run contrary to socialism and are hostile to it. . . . the anti-democratic traditions and norms of public life that appeared during Stalin's period and have not been completely liquidated. . . ."

But of course it is this Russian peculiarism that the Soviet rulers cite as one of the chief excuses for repression, the other being that free speech would imperil the state by exposing weaknesses to the enemies of socialism. But Sakharov and his colleagues are right: modern technology will not brook repressions based on alleged peculiarisms. Sakharov is right: democratization is not easy, but it is the only way to eliminate the gap between the party and state apparatus on the one hand and the intellectuals, including scientists and engineers, on the other. The sooner the Soviet leaders realize this, the better for them and their country. Franco is beyond redemption, but the bosses in the USSR still have a chance to make corrections.

The Aerospace Jobless

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the nation's largest defense contractor, is not officially bankrupt; it is, in the words of *Business Week*, only in "an embarrassing bind . . . confronted with a financial crisis." These euphemisms do not conceal the fact that Lockheed is busted, unless the government bails it out to the tune of $650 million in "cost adjustments." But Lockheed is not alone in its paroxysms. From Boeing in Seattle to General Dynamics in San Diego, the aerospace companies are flying distress signals. While the others are not in Lockheed's death throes, at least not yet, *Business Week* (March 28) quotes a financial analyst: "Boeing is potentially a Lockheed, if the 747 doesn't turn out to be a profitable operation." Boeing's chairman, William M. Allen, says that the company faces a "severe financial strain."

With these strains and dislocations comes unemployment. "What happens," a *Los Angeles Times* writer asks, "when your income drops from $327 a week to $65?" A 57-year-old engineer who hasn't worked since October supplies the answer: "We eat hamburgers and chili beans. My wife and I changed functions. She goes to work every day. I stay home and take care of the house and the children." He is one of the highly educated, well-paid people who were wooed to the West Coast by display advertising a year or two ago and are now on the street.

This is a matter of national concern. Almost a million Californians worked on defense-related projects before the layoffs began. No less than 27 per cent of the nation's engineers and scientists are employed in these industries. As we have pointed out, it is scandalous that no action has been taken on "conversion" plans to deal with such unemployment, spasmodic in the past, and now reappearing on a larger scale.

All along we have been told that there was little danger in overexpansion of defense industries, because we had a great backlog of civilian needs—for housing, hospitals, schools, jails, etc.

But now we are engaged in combating inflation, and any projects that are suggested by way of taking up the slack are objected to on the ground that they will frustrate the efforts of the Administration to curb rising prices. What it amounts to is that heavy defense spending over the years has distorted the economy and brought on inflation, and this very distortion now inhibits offsetting public works projects.

By way of further aggravation, programs designed to help workers in such circumstances are themselves undermined by joblessness. Health insurance lapses on termination of employment or soon thereafter. Often the lapse coincides with illness. Robert M. Leventhal, executive secretary of the Southern California Professional Engineering Association, says that debilitating illness often strikes soon after layoff. It seems to follow the shock of job loss and the ensuing feelings of uncertainty and insecurity. Life insurance coverage is another casualty. Still another case of failure just when the need is greatest is North American Rockwell's ten-year-old program to cushion the impact of layoffs on workers. Those laid off were to receive, after four weeks of unemployment, a lump sum equaling $75 times the years of service, up to fifteen years. In the last sixteen months, the company paid out $5 million, and now has nothing left in the fund treasury.

Senator Cranston has been calling for vigorous and imaginative governmental action, but he is not likely to get much of that from this Administration. What will emerge, in all probability, is new weapons systems, such as the B-1 bomber or the new Navy jet F-14, which terrifies even experienced Navy fliers with its weight, size and complexity. The best that can be hoped for in the way of immediate relief is the

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program advocated by Mr. Leventhal: (*1*) grant at least four weeks' pay to every laid-off worker; (*2*) cover the costs of employee group insurance for at least six months or until re-employment; (*3*) establish provisions to insure that funds contributed to retirement plans inure to the benefit of the individual; (*4*) set up a system of relocation allowances.

The best long-term remedy would be to discourage arms-spending binges of the kind which have led to the present trouble. As a first step, the Nixon Administration should be called to account in November, not for cutting the military budget (the cuts have been modest enough) but because it has made no effort to provide for the people tossed out of jobs.

NEW THREAT TO THE PRESS

PAUL HOFFMAN
Mr. Hoffman is the author of Moratorium, *soon to be published by Tower Publications.*

Since last fall, the Nixon Administration's war on the press has escalated steadily. It started with the bombastic rhetoric of Vice President Agnew, rose to the serving of grand jury subpoenas on newspaper reporters, magazine correspondents and television stations, then reached a new plateau last month with the Federal Communications Commission's announcement of action to prevent further media combines. The next step may be criminal prosecutions of the press. One case is already under way.

I learned of this while doing research for an article on civil rights. In Chicago, where he had taken personal charge of the investigation into the deaths of two Black Panther Party leaders, I met with Jerris Leonard, the Assistant Attorney General who heads the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. I asked him about a report, published in the *Washington Monthly* by Gary T. Greenberg, an attorney recently discharged from the division.

Greenberg had written: "Some of the division's attorneys . . . passed information to lawyers for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund in order to aid their Mississippi court battle against the delay requested by the Administration. Others spoke with the press to insure that the public was fully aware of the role that political pressures had played in the decision to seek delay."

Leonard pooh-poohed the article as "sour grapes by a very disappointed boy." He doubted that any attorney in the division had "leaked" inside information to the Fund, but added that he would move for disbarment of any attorney who did so. I asked him about "leaks" to Congressmen, which I had learned of from other sources. He said: "The people who are leaking aren't doing a very good job because they're not leaking accurate information." Then he added that there was "one case under active investigation."

"I will personally press the lawyer involved to the fullest extent possible to have him ousted from the profession," he said.

I asked Leonard what the case involved. "A leak to the press," he answered. "Incidentally," he continued, "there is a possibility that even the people in the press who are involved are guilty. This could be a federal crime and the individuals in the press, if in fact this is true and it could be proved, I will push hard for a prosecution of all the individuals involved—the lawyer . . . and the people who received it and had to know that it was a confidential report."

Leonard declined to state the nature of the report or where it was published. But sources in the Civil Rights Division indicated it was a *Los Angeles Times* disclosure of the then unannounced investigation into employment discrimination by craft unions of the motion picture industry. So far, the case has not come to a head—apparently because Justice's investigators have been unable to identify the culprit who "leaked" the document.

Some people whom I have told of Leonard's remarks suggest that they were a spur of the moment explosion, like many of his outbursts, from which he'd later backtrack. Others think they were designed to deter me from speaking to line-level personnel in the division who are off-limits to the press. But the fact that investigation of the leak has been going on for several months shows that the Administration is serious.

There is no indication yet that such an investigation—and the threat of criminal prosecution—have become a pattern for the future. But the fact that it is being conducted by a division of Justice indicates that this course has the approval of Nixon's top political strategist, Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell.

If so, it could be part of the Administration's overall strategy for keeping the media in line. The "leak," after all, is a vital ingredient of life in official Washington. It is employed by those at all levels of government—by those at the top to float trial balloons, by those disgruntled at the actions of others, by some who merely seek to curry favor with the press. Few top-level Washington correspondents could survive without contacts who feed them inside information.

It is an ominous action. Prosecution of the press—or even the mere threat of prosecution—is a powerful weapon in the hands of any government. Only censorship and suppression surpass it. That the Nixon Administration has started to use this penultimate tool is an indication of its determination to insure that the public gets the news—and only the news—it wants the public to get. □

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THE BRASS IMAGE

DEREK SHEARER
Mr. Shearer is affiliated with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington and is a guest lecturer at the University of Maryland. He is co-editor of a study on National Security and the Pentagon to be published in the fall by Doubleday. This article is based on research sponsored by The Businessmen's Educational Fund.

Washington

In December 1969, Sen. J. William Fulbright offered in four consecutive speeches on the Senate floor a detailed picture of the public relations activities of the military establishment. The information unearthed by his staff, while it may have startled a few members of Congress, was really nothing new —a Pentagon propaganda machine has been in operation for more than two decades with the knowledge and support of America's civilian policy makers in the State Department and the White House. In fact, the civilian cold warriors laid down the fundamental tenets of anti-communism and fostered an atmosphere in which the public relations newspeak of the military has thrived.

It was Dean Acheson, a graduate of Yale and Harvard Law School, and a member of the law firm of Covington and Burling, who agreed with Senator Vandenberg that the American people and Congress had to be "scared" into supporting the Truman Doctrine which proclaimed America's willingness to intervene anywhere in the world. And it was Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, an investment banker from Wall Street, who told the first graduating class of the Armed Forces Information School in 1948 that "part of your task is to make people realize that the Army, Navy and Air Force are not external creations but come from and are a part of the people. It is your responsibility to make citizens aware of their responsibility to the services."

Under President Eisenhower, Secretary of State Dulles, with generous help from Sen. Joseph McCarthy, continued to encourage the anti-Communist hysteria. The "liberals" of the Kennedy administration—such men as Walt Rostow, Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy—were no different; they too taught people to see the world in cold-war terms. Under Kennedy and Johnson the funds allotted for military public relations increased tenfold, reaching $27,953,000 by 1969 (and the figure, based only on information made available by the Pentagon, is conservative). This money pays for films, speakers' bureaus, traveling art shows, civilian "orientation" tours and numerous publications, all designed to convince the public that the road to true national security lies in more sophisticated weapons systems, a worldwide counterrevolutionary military force, and a patriotism that supports any and all military adventures in the name of anti-communism.

As Michael Parenti states in his excellent *Anti-Communist Impulse*, "it was not the military that manufactured anti-communism, but anti-communism that built the military state." If the world is threatened by international communism, then naturally the United States must maintain an overwhelming military force to combat it—and the people must be convinced of this necessity if funds and support are to be won from Congress. What follows is a description of the lengths to which the Pentagon goes to propagandize the public and maintain its privileged power position in American society.

On the first floor of the Pentagon is the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs (OASDPA). With a budget in fiscal year 1969 of $3,697,000 and a combined military and civilian staff of 200, OASDPA formulates public affairs policy guidelines for the services, and coordinates Department of Defense public relations. Within the Pentagon, each service maintains its own information office. OASDPA and the three services, plus the Marines, operate branch information offices in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

The joint-service Defense Information School (DINFOS), at Fort Benjamin Harrison, near Indianapolis, trains military information officers, photographers, journalists and radio and TV broadcasters. It was created in July 1964, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara merged the Army and Navy information schools. Enrollment has risen steadily: when the school opened there were 850 students; in fiscal year 1968, DINFOS trained more than 2,000 information experts. In addition to learning basic writing and broadcasting skills, students, according to *The Airman*, official magazine of the Air Force, "are taught how to identify the various opinion-making bodies and pressure groups likely to be found in a typical civilian community."

Upon taking office, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird formally notified all information offices that "propaganda has no place in the Department of Defense public information programs." However, the distinction between information and propaganda is lost on military public relations men. As an information officer in the Air Force explained: "We all knew Laird didn't mean what he said. He had to say that for the press and Congress, but we still go on with our job. We're in the image-making business."

Creating the proper image necessitates a judicious use of all commercial media, particularly motion pictures and television. The Motion Picture branch of OASDPA assists companies whose films "will be in the interests of the Department of Defense."

In late 1968, the Navy and the Department of Defense agreed to cooperate with Twentieth Century Fox on a film called *Tora, Tora, Tora* (the name

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was the radio code signal that told Japanese commanders the attack on Pearl Harbor was a success). The Navy provided the 33,000-ton *Yorktown* to play the role of a Japanese carrier. U.S. Navy pilots flew planes simulating Japanese bombers. Altogether, eight Navy ships were involved, including three destroyers. This support came when the future of the aircraft carrier was being debated in Congress.

Rep. John M. Murphy (D., N.Y.) criticized the Navy's low-cost loan of the ships, and informed the public that a Navy crewman had been injured while on duty with Twentieth Century Fox. Responding to this criticism, Darryl Zanuck took full-page ads in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* stressing the public service rendered by *Tora, Tora, Tora*, which would remind the public to be ever vigilant against sneak attack.

In June 1969, Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D., N.Y.) revealed the extent of the help which the Army had provided to actor John Wayne and his company, BATJAC, in the filming of *The Green Berets*. Rosenthal angrily stated that "the glorified portrayal of the Vietnam War, which is the heart of this film, raises serious questions about the Defense Department's role in using tax funds for direct propaganda purposes. . . . This alliance of Hollywood and the Pentagon seems to have brought out the worst in both institutions."

A report from the Comptroller General's office (requested by Rosenthal) disclosed that the amount charged Wayne for use of facilities at Fort Benning, Ga., did not accurately reflect the cost. Rosenthal asked what other films in past years had received DOD help. The Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs replied that all files on the subject more than two years old had been destroyed.

The Los Angeles Public Affairs Office does not wait for Hollywood to come to the military. The official "mission" book of the Air Force information office in Los Angeles states that the office must: "maintain close contact with Screen Writers Guild to stimulate interest in using USAF environment in conjugation with proposed film stories, and generate and submit story ideas and outlines to story editors and producers of network entertainment TV series." This office supplies technical advisers to TV shows. For example, an Air Force project officer was assigned to the ABC-TV series *12 O'Clock High*.

It is Air Force policy to refuse such aid to TV shows that it does not like. One such show was *I Dream of Jeannie*. While the Air Force would not appoint an official adviser to the series, the information office wanted to watch the show. "We didn't approve the show, of course," explained an officer in the Los Angeles office, "but we wanted to have some say in the production. Unofficial, you understand. So we sent over a couple of officers in uniform, medals and all, to observe. After they had been around for a few days, naturally the crew asked for some technical advice and our men provided it. We wanted the show to portray the Air Force as accurately as possible."

To make sure that the military "story" is given to the public "as accurately as possible," the Pentagon and the services also produce their own theatre and TV films.

The Department of Defense operated five camera teams in Vietnam in 1968. A release from the Public Affairs office in the Pentagon explains that "the purpose is to document, for release to national television, the feature aspects of the military participation in Southeast Asia often ignored or bypassed by national media film crews because of the pressure of hard news events. They are not in competition with the civilian media. Rather, they supplement the coverage by major networks. The high usage of the material produced by these teams is indicative of the effectiveness of their efforts." The units produced 118 films in 1968. Topics included the humane treatment of Vietcong prisoners and activities of Thai medical forces near Kanchanaburi, Thailand, 125 miles northeast of Bangkok.

The Department of Defense has also produced over the years films of a more general, ideological nature. Some of them listed by OASDPA as available for public showing are: *A Free People* (folk music sung by Gordon McRae, the New Christy Minstrels and Peter, Paul and Mary to accompany scenes showing the American way of life from colonial times to the present); *The Line Is Drawn* (a story, based on letters to his family from Capt. James P. Spruill, U.S.A., who was killed while on duty in Vietnam); *The Road to the Well* (James Cagney narrates a documentary on modern communism).

Third Challenge: Unconventional Warfare, which lasts forty-five minutes and was shot in color, shows a fictional Third World country threatened by guerrillas. The leader of the insurgents is dressed in a Nazi-like uniform; his number-two man looks remarkably like Che Guevara. Trouble mounts, the insurgency grows; then the United States enters the scene. Loyal government troops, trained by us in counter-guerrilla measures, wipe out the rebels' stronghold. The guerrilla leader escapes in a small boat, to foment revolution in some other country (which is why America must be ever vigilant).

The hero of *Freedom and You* skips his union meetings for bowling. His wife reproves him, but he makes light of her. He dreams one night that his town has "gone Communist." His eldest daughter announces that she is leaving home to join a work brigade. On Sunday he tries to take the younger children to church, only to find that the church has been turned into a people's museum. He stares dumbfounded at exhibits of ancient telephones and airplanes which list Russians as the inventors. "Hey, Americans discovered these," he shouts, and commences breaking apart the displays. He is arrested and tried; his wife and children testify against him. Just as a pistol is being placed to his head, he awakens "to a full realization of the importance of his civic responsibilities."

Each of the services has its own film-making program. The headquarters for Army films is the

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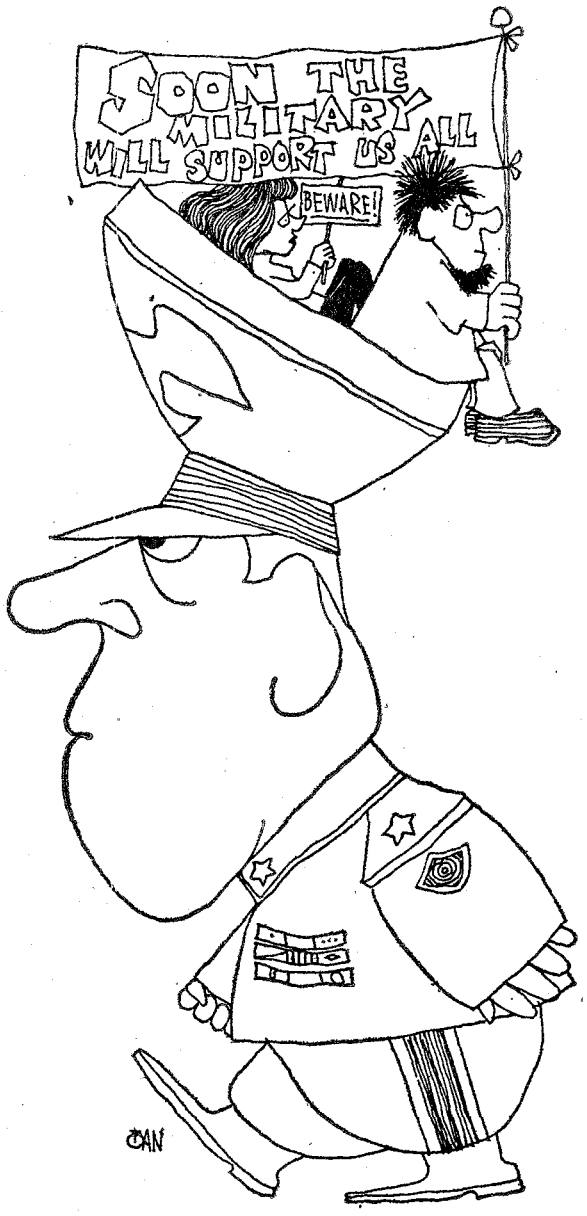

Signal Corps Photographic Center in Long Island City, N.Y. It occupies one of the largest motion picture studios in the East, built at a cost of $10 million and purchased by the Army from Paramount in 1942.

A branch of the Signal Corps, the Special Photographic Office, was established during the Johnson administration to work overseas "for the purpose of obtaining filmed documentation of U.S. Army activities in the cold war, with a primary emphasis on counterinsurgency." In the third quarter of 1969, a team on duty in Korea shot 32,112 feet of motion picture film, and 1,344 still photos, including color 16 mm. footage of the Republic of Korea Armed Forces Day ceremonies; bridges, roads and rail lines throughout Korea, and the "Focus Retina" joint airlift exercise with U.S. and Korean forces.

The Big Picture is the Army program which makes thirty-minute, TV color films at a cost of almost $1 million a year. In the latest two-year period, fifty-five segments were produced and shown on overseas American Forces Television and in the United States on 313 commercial and fifty-three educational stations. Seventeen of the fifty-five segments dealt with Vietnam. These films, given free to stations, include *The Bridge*—in which John Daly plays host on a visit to the Army Chaplains' school at Fort Hamilton, N.Y.; *When the Chips Are Down*, on the National Guard, with Bob Hope commenting merrily on the training and readiness of the citizen soldiers, and *Shotgun Rider*, a description of which reads: "The Shotgun Rider, protecting the stagecoach, blasted a colorful trail through the pages of American history. Today he still plays a colorful role, for the war in Vietnam has put the shotgun rider back in business. Not aboard a stagecoach, but in a helicopter. His weapon is no longer a shotgun, but a machine gun. His mission, however, is the same—to protect the interest of a free people as he stretches from his helicopter firing at enemy targets."

The Navy produces a similar series entitled *Victory at Sea*. In 1968, it made forty-nine news film releases for TV, and fifty-five one-minute TV "news featurettes." Two films on the dangerous effects of drugs, *A Trip to Where* and *LSD*, the Navy estimates, have been seen by 75 million people. The Navy also distributes *Stay in School and Graduate*. Not to be outdone by *Shotgun Rider*, the Navy has produced a twenty-eight-minute color film, *Eye of the Dragon*: "The story of the American Navy Advisors to Vietnamese junk forces, told in a panoramic style using a montage of sequences, native music and the Kipling theme of 'East is East' and 'West is West.' "

All three services supply tapes to commercial radio stations. The Air Force appears to be the most imaginative. It produces *Pro Sports Report*, a weekly, five-minute radio sports feature containing Air Force spot announcements (distributed to 150 major market commercial stations); and *Serenade in Blue*, a weekly thirty-minute radio feature starring the Air Force band, and broadcast by approximately 4,000 commercial and armed forces stations.

The Air Force also put out 148 films and thirty-six TV film clips in 1968. Its *Operation Pathfinder Exercise* deals with American forces in Spain. A description reads: "Depicts largest airborne training exercise in Europe. Demonstrates USAF, U.S. Army, and Spanish troops in hypothetical combat situation. Pictures Moron, Spain, center of activity, where men, equipment, and supplies are dropped in enemy territory. Portrays paratroopers in mass assault to secure airfield. Shows effective tactical air power with proud forces marching before commanders. Depicts bullfight and reception given by Spanish people in honor of participants."

When Senator Fulbright read this blurb to the Senate last December, Senator Gore of Tennessee inquired: "I do not quite get how closing a movie with a bullfight will get more money out of Congress. That might be the purpose, but how does it operate?" Fulbright replied that "the purpose of my comments is to show that they are not justified in the public interest, nor are they justified by, or even relevant to, the security of the United States."

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Another 1968 addition to the Air Force film club is *The Other Side of the World*, which "documents civic action programs conducted in Thailand's rural areas by Air Forces' 606th Air Commando Squadron. Shows operation of medical and dental clinics, and construction of sanitation facilities. . . ." Senator Fulbright noted that until seeing the film, he had not known the United States was engaged in pacification-type activities in Thailand, and suggested that the Foreign Relations Committee "might learn more about the American presence around the world in watching Department of Defense movies than it does in briefings by Executive branch officers."

The military uses TV and movies to "inform" the general public. For more influential citizens, it prefers the personal touch—a firsthand visit to the Pentagon or to various military installations. Since 1948, the Department of Defense has held an annual series of Joint Orientation Conferences in which "a group of approximately seventy business, industrial and professional men are invited to visit representative military installations during this eight-day traveling conference."

Bennett Cerf, of Random House, described his reaction to such a conference in an article, "Ten Days with the Armed Forces," which appeared in the July 22, 1950 *Saturday Review*. He wrote of the invitation that "I consider [it] one of the biggest honors and luckiest breaks of my career." Cerf pointed out that the Secretary of Defense wanted leading citizens "to see and hear at first hand . . . how the Department of Defense was carrying out its own obligations . . . and count[s] on his guests to spread the good word as loudly and vehemently as they knew how. It worked like a charm."

After listening to speeches by generals and admirals, the group was flown to Fort Benning, Ga. There "a display of our remarkable new recoilless weapons (and other arms still considered secret) had the audience gasping." They also saw the airborne troops begin their parachute training. "It was at our next stop, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, that I had my unforgettable ride in a jet fighter plane." After a harrowing thirty-one-minute flight "over the Gulf of Mexico at the modest speed of 510 miles an hour," Cerf "made a speech that sent all the others clamoring for jet rides. The air was full of petrified VIPs the next day. I must have cost the Air Force a pretty penny."

In recent years, a number of participants in the orientation conferences have been from Defense firms, and as Senator Fulbright suggested "would appear to be already familiar with Defense activities and no doubt assist in influencing the views of their fellow participants."

In the past two years, 188 VIPs enjoyed Navy hospitality on thirteen "orientation" cruises, most of them destined for Hawaii. One guest, Bertrand Harding, at the time director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, apparently liked his September 1968 trip to Hawaii on the *U.S.S. Coral Sea* so much that he went back in March 1969, aboard another carrier.

Popular spots in the Air Force's "distinguished visitor program" include Las Vegas, Hawaii and Florida. Ogden and Salt Lake City civic officials made a trip to the Lockheed plant in Marietta, Ga., and "received a briefing on the C-5A and its meaning to future Air Force logistics." Newsmen from Kansas City traveled to Cape Kennedy "to build rapport and improve media relationships between this headquarters and greater Kansas City news media." Texas attorneys journeyed to the Air Force museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, for an opportunity "to become more familiar with the Air Force's history and mission." The Strategic Air Command's most recent community relations report listed five groups of "distinguished visitors" from Boston, Minneapolis-St. Paul, New York City, Los Angeles, and San Antonio—and twelve "specialized groups," ranging from the Smaller Business Association of New England to New York artists, as visitors over a six-month period. Mr. F. H. Orbison, president of Appleton Mills, and chairman of Wisconsin's Young Presidents Organization, wrote the Air Force after his tour that "We certainly learned firsthand the reasons why our military technical programs require the vast sums of tax dollars and the people they utilize."

In some instances, military visitors' programs are designed with a specific purpose in mind. A fact sheet on the Army Air Defense Command's (ARADCOM) public relations program, Operation Understanding, states: "Poised on the doorsteps of America's mightiest cities, guarding against air attack, stands a phalanx of lethal Nike-Hercules and Hawk missiles, the muscle of the Army Air Defense Command (ARADCOM). These surface-to-air missiles, and their forebears, have defended city gates for more than ten years. Despite their protective role, their advent was not always welcome. City officials often opposed government acquisition of choice municipal land. The public did not always relish the idea of troops and lethal missiles in their back yards."

The pilot run of Operation Understanding came in May 1956, when ARADCOM took newsmen on a tour which included a trip to Red Canyon Missile Range, N.M., to view the firing of a missile and a visit to ARADCOM headquarters in Colorado Springs. A year later, Operation Understanding faced its first public test. The Los Angeles International Airport had been picked as the site for a nuclear Nike installation, and local citizens were upset—demonstrations, critical news stories and grumblings by legislators followed the announcement. The Army invited the Mayor, other civic officials, prominent citizens and newsmen on a tour. "When Mayor Norris Poulson went on the air," says the fact sheet, "the opposition dissolved. He declared, 'I wish all the people of Los Angeles could have seen for themselves what the Nike can do for our city. Seeing is believing.' "

Close to 8,000 guests have participated in more than 400 tours in the years following the first junket

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for newsmen in 1956. The Army considers the program a dramatic success and boasts that "results are dramatically apparent. Following a New Jersey missile site explosion in 1958, enlightened communities in the area responded with sympathy and understanding; criticism was restrained and minimal. Missile men and their families had become accepted as valued members of the community, not as a 'necessary evil.' " The 1967 fact sheet states that an "enlightened public" can be counted on to aid in the acceptance of future Nike-X sites.

The military is not content to charm influential citizens with fancy tours; it also aims to provide them with a proper politico-economic outlook on the world. Established in 1948 by the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, the National Security Seminar program has been conducted in 163 cities with a total audience of 180,000. The purpose, explains *Air Force and Space Digest*, "is to present briefly and plainly the relationships among the military, political, economic and social factors that contribute to national power, together with a panoramic view of U.S. interests in a troubled and changing world." Those who attend the two-week sessions in selected cities each year include reservists from all the services and civilians from business, professional and community organizations. The seminars consist of a series of lectures by officers from the faculty of the Industrial College. In each city, the program is sponsored jointly by a military and a civic organization; a reserve headquarters is designated as military sponsor, and reservists who attend are awarded retention, promotion and retirement credits. The civilian sponsor, usually the local Chamber of Commerce, provides the auditorium and publicity.

Information given at these seminars is sometimes news even to Congress. Participants are told that "the U.S. has treaties with both Turkey and Iran—to defend them against Russia—if need be." (None that the Senate has ratified.) However, judging from the responses cited by the Industrial College, support for the educational program is enthusiastic. A Congresswoman said: "And thank goodness we have, in our democratic society, an informed military which is not only allowed, but encouraged, to share its knowledge with the public in seminars such as this." A minister from North Carolina wrote: "I attended the last seminar six years ago, and was so impressed and so well informed, that as a concerned citizen, I could not afford to miss this one. You can be assured that I will not contain this information within myself but shall spread it abroad." Each service also holds its own annual strategy seminars for prominent citizens.

Obviously, public speaking has become an important military skill. "The military establishment must learn, as successful industry already has, to use its own qualified speakers or 'salesmen,' " writes an instructor at the Defense Information School. "Proper use of such speakers is the best method of creating the 'true image' of the military services in the mind of the public and inspiring public confidence in the military which is essential to the continued success of the military 'corporation.' "

Haynie, Louisville Courier-Journal

The public affairs office of the DOD in the Pentagon operates a speakers' bureau for high-ranking Pentagon officials. In late 1969, a flurry of activity surrounded President Nixon's policy statements on Vietnam. Military leaders addressing Rotary Clubs, ship launchings, Red Cross meetings, took a hard line, often more forceful than that of Vice President Spiro Agnew. The most prolific speaker was Gen. Lewis Walt, assistant commander of the Marine Corps, who delivered in October and November (the key moratorium months) the same basic speech on the average of twice a week.

"In the past year, more than 10,000 Americans have been killed in Vietnam," Walt told the Florida convention of the Red Cross. "Those who dissent may not have fired the rifle or thrown the grenade. But they must bear a part of the responsibility for the losses of those gallant Americans." In a November 6 speech to the Annapolis Rotary Club, Walt said: "Those who are in positions of authority know the potential cost of a premature pullout. They know that the blood of millions of Vietnamese would be on their hands. . . . Our premature withdrawal from

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Vietnam would become a major victory for the forces of international communism."

Early in 1965 a Navy Department Speech Bureau was established within the Navy Office of Information in the Pentagon. This is not simply another speakers' bureau. As a Navy publication points out, "The Navy Department Speech Bureau is the only known activity within the Executive Branch of the Federal Government which provides both speakers for public events and speech materials to be used by those speakers from a single office." One of the first acts of Rear Adm. H. L. Miller, Navy Chief of Information, was to publish a *Navy Speakers Guide*, designed to assist Navy speechmakers in their preparation and delivery of public addresses. The Navy also publishes *Speech Points*—a quarterly list of suggestions and references for speech topics. Speeches are collected in a yearly volume, *Outstanding Navy Speeches*, and selections of useful quotations are published each year in *Quotable Navy Quotes*.

The 1968 *Navy Speakers Guide* includes more than twenty-five articles by Navy and Army officers, speech professors and professionals from the fields of TV, radio and journalism. Members of the National Society for the Study of Communication and of the Speech Association of America prepared special articles on request, and the guide includes such useful discourses as "The Framework of a Dynamic Speech," "Mental Attitude and the Speaker," "How to Speak on TV" and "Speaking from Manuscript."

The Navy also provides training in the electronic media. The Naval Photographic Center in Washington has all the equipment used in commercial TV and film production and provides "coaching rehearsals for naval and Marine officers and civilians. These practice sessions include work with live cameras and teleprompters with video-tape equipment to allow the speechmaker to watch himself on playback." Located within the Speech Bureau in the Pentagon is the Navy Speech Evaluation Laboratory, available on request to Navy speakers who want to improve their speech delivery through practice and self-evaluation. "If you cannot come to Washington," notes an article in the *Navy Speakers Guide*, "check with your Public Affairs Officer or Training Officer in regard to local opportunities for studio practice."

Through speakers' bureaus which each Army post is encouraged to maintain, an estimated 1,000 audiences a month are provided with Army speakers. Young, returned veterans from Vietnam are urged to address public gatherings; *Army Digest* noted proudly that, since returning from Vietnam, a Col. John G. Hughes had delivered 240 speeches. *The Washington Post* reported in December 1969 that an Army major was used by the Pentagon to provide public counterattacks to critics of the war. Maj. James Rowe, who spent five years as a captive of the Vietcong, filmed twenty television interviews and cut six radio tapes with Congressmen; the tapes were sent to the home stations of the Congressmen or used in Army information programs. In several of these appearances, Rowe questioned the patriotism of Sen. George McGovern, and charged that the American liberal press was printing material which breaks the morale of American prisoners. According to Col. Lloyd L. Burke, an Army legislative liaison officer and Rowe's sponsor in Washington, Army Chief of Staff Gen. William Westmoreland "knows of all his [Rowe's] activity on the Hill and approves of it."

Information officers are taught to seek out speaking engagements in the community, as is shown by a sample letter used for instructional purposes at the Defense Information School, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind. It reads:

> Dear . . . :
>
> Did you know that Fort Jackson maintains a Speakers Bureau, listing capable public speakers who are knowledgeable on many academic, business, and military subjects?
>
> If you have had difficulty in finding a qualified speaker to address a meeting of your organization, we may be able to help.
>
> As soldiers, we can speak best about our mission of training young men for the United States Army. But, we are also engineers, conservationists, law enforcement experts, dentists, lawyers, and similarly qualified professionals. . . .
>
> If this active Speakers Bureau is of interest to you, please contact. . . .

Officers are encouraged to participate in the speaking program. Information officers are instructed to write to officers in an effort to solicit speakers for the bureau, and it is suggested that base commanders send letters of appreciation to participants in the speakers' bureau.

Under the rubric of community relations, the services operate traveling exhibits which tour the country, telling the military "story." The Army's Community Relations Branch estimates that some 13.5 million people viewed twenty-two of its traveling exhibits in the last half of 1968. The exhibits included such displays as "Communist Equipment in Use in Vietnam," "How the U.S. Army Meets the Third Challenge," "Adapting to Living in the Nuclear Age," "Chaplains Showcase" and "The Airmobile Soldier." The Air Force's traveling exhibits, operating from Wright-Patterson Air Base, Ohio, include a gigantic Titan missile and a Minuteman missile. However, its most elegant exhibit is the Air Force traveling art show, displayed primarily in shopping centers. "After all, it's where the people are these days," said a briefing officer with one exhibit.

Two Air Force personnel are assigned to each traveling exhibit. They work with the sponsor, usually the Chamber of Commerce or the shopping center association, to see that the show is properly arranged and given adequate publicity. The Air Force provides the sponsor with news releases which state that "a unique art exhibit featuring more than 40 original paintings from the U.S. Air Force Art Collection is now on display. The paintings portray dedicated American airmen serving in many lands and many ways . . . all preserving and extending freedom."

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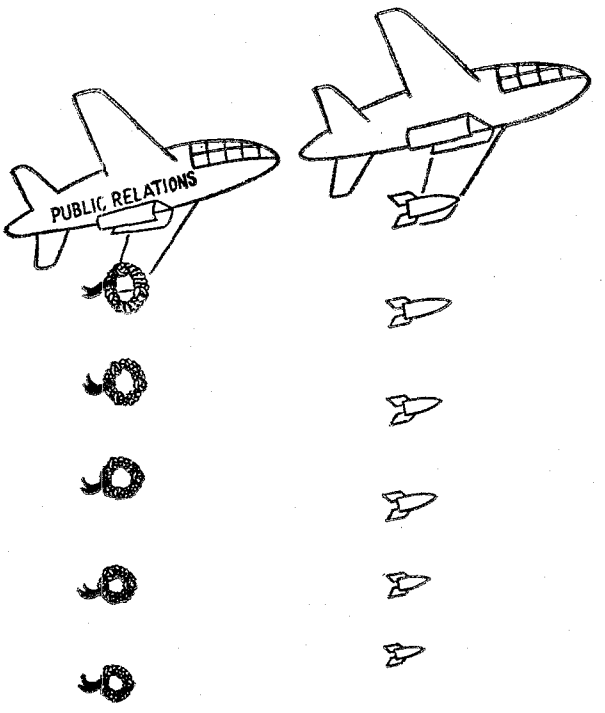

Mena, Jours de France

The thousands of Americans who wander through the exhibit gaze at such dramatic renderings as "The Cross and the Sword," a painting which depicts an F-102 fighter interceptor in the skies above a church in a remote Eskimo village north of Thule Air Base, Greenland. Other titles listed in an exhibition pamphlet include "Air Force Airlift for the UN—Kimina, Congo, September 1960"; "Buying Souvenirs in Seoul," "Pilots on Alert Duty Playing Chess" and "Good Old Pemmican: Air Force Survival Training."

This art is the work of professional artists recruited for the task. In 1954, the Air Force invited members of the Society of Illustrators of New York to visit Air Force installations around the world. The first group went to bases in Europe; later groups were flown to the Far East, to South America, to Alaska and into the North African deserts.

In 1960, the Society of Illustrators in Los Angeles joined the program, followed soon by the San Francisco branch. The artists are given uniforms and the simulated rank of colonel while on the job. "It makes things easier for them," said an Air Force official. "And there is the prestige involved." The Air Force foots the bill for travel and expenses; the art becomes its property. If the Air Force does not like a piece, it will not display it. "We're not going to hang anything that we think is unflattering to the Air Force," explained an Air Force information officer.

In October each year the artists who have completed work are invited to dinner in Washington and a reception at Bolling Air Force Base where new acquisitions are displayed. The Air Force has arranged with the Internal Revenue Service that the artists can deduct the value of the paintings which they "donate" to the Air Force.

It is the official duty of the Air Force to maintain close relations with the Boy Scouts of America. Twelve Air Force officers are stationed at bases located as near as possible to the twelve regional offices of the Boy Scouts. "Continuing contact between Air Force personnel and members of the Scouting movement will help assure our nation of capable leaders in the future," says Air Force Chief of Staff, John P. McConnell. The program with the Boy Scouts is administered by the Continental Air Command, which provides tours, air flights, films and briefings for Scout troops. The Tactical Air Command sponsors a specific Air Explorer Wing, officially Explorer Post No. 54.

Since 1948, the Army has appointed for two-year terms a number of civilian aides to the Secretary of the Army. "In private life the Aides are leaders and authorities in their communities and in their respective fields," says the *Army Information Digest*. "Some are nationally renowned engineers, bankers, attorneys, scientists, editors, industrialists, surgeons and educators. Most of them have a military background of their own and are, therefore, acutely conscious of the problems of the local commander. . . ." The civilian aides, who meet periodically with the local base commander, "recommend and assist in ways of enhancing understanding between the Army and the civilian community." Each year a national conference of civilian aides is held in Washington.

The Navy, however, has a better idea. Scattered strategically around the country are thirty-one Naval Reserve Public Affairs Companies, consisting of 409 officers and six enlisted men. Each company must submit an annual public relations plan to the Navy Office of Information on its selling activities in the local area. The basic duty of the companies is to "canvass local civic groups and organizations concerned with welfare and recreation of young men, e.g., P.T.A., school boards and church groups, with the purpose in mind of selling Navy as a future career for young men." These companies sponsor a "Day in the Navy" for high school journalists, and a high school Navy Science Day. They try, according to a Navy Office of Information report, to "promote the playing and singing of the Navy Hymn in local churches," particularly on the Navy Sabbath. In the Navy Science Cruiser Program, 220 boys and girls are selected from regional science fairs to ride on a Navy ship. In 1969, the Chicago Naval Public Reserve Company set up a project "to aid the Navy's 'Hands Across the Sea' program by providing six tons of chewing gum from the Wrigley Company for distribution in Spanish-speaking countries."

By 1972 there will be three times as many high school JROTC cadets in the country as enrollees in the college officers' training program. This too is a community relations program. The program cost the DOD $5 million in 1969. The 1964 ROTC Revitalization Act established the JROTC program for the Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps (an Army program had already existed with units in 295 high schools). Congress set a limit of 1,200 units—650 for

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the Army, 270 for the Air Force, 245 for the Navy and thirty for the Marines.

The official DOD justification for JROTC is that "since a major portion of the Federal budget is for the purpose of national defense and since all young men are subject to possible military service, it is considered beneficial that our high school students, as future taxpayers, voters and soldiers of America have an opportunity to learn about the basic elements and requirements for national security and their personal obligations as American citizens to participate in and contribute toward National Security."

Patriotism is the key word in the JROTC program. There is little career advantage for a student who enrolls in the high school program; he can enter enlisted service at the E-2 rather than the E-1 grade in which other enlistees must serve three months and he can transfer a limited number of JROTC credits to the college ROTC, but that's about all.

Comdr. Ralph T. Williams, head of JROTC activities for the Navy told *The Washington Post* that the Navy JROTC program "is young and therefore the Navy has no statistics to validate its worth as a recruiting program or even as a positive motivation plan for involvement of students in NROTC. However, there are clear indications that these are reasonable expectations. The program must be considered primarily an 'image' in its current state of development, that is, a project which exhibits the Navy to the public eye and introduces the Navy to the community through the youth of the nation. Add to this the demonstrated effects of better citizenship that are evident where Navy JROTC units exist and the effort and expenditure of funds must be adjudged worthwhile."

JROTC instructors are usually retired officers or noncommissioned officers who receive retirement pay, plus a supplement to equal active-duty salary. The service and the school each pays half the supplement. Uniforms, except for shoes and weapons, and texts are furnished by the military; the schools provide classroom facilities and drill space. The approximate cost of setting up and operating a 170-cadre unit in the first year is $38,350; it drops to $17,500 after the initial outlay.

The role of the ROTC instructor is not limited to his classroom duties; he is also a community organizer. The *Infantry Journal* wrote that the "job is one of public relations—Kiwanis club on Wednesday, speaking to the Sons and Daughters of 'I Will Arise' on Friday, cooperating with the Campfire Girls in their new project on Rifle Marksmanship . . . training the girls' marching unit with the thought in mind of making them a 'Corps of Sponsors' for the ROTC some time in the future." The increase in the number of JROTC units will, of course, increase the number of such teachers.

How effective is the military propaganda machine? The question is important, and interestingly enough, the Defense establishment finds it so. In 1965 the Navy hired Louis Harris and Associates to conduct a public-opinion poll on how Americans view the Navy and Marine Corps. The poll's summary concluded that "the Navy's reputation as a fighting force has diminished since World War II. That of the Marine Corps has remained high, perhaps increased." This finding was due, the report suggests, to the changing nature of warfare in the last two decades; Harris also noted that movies like *Mr. Roberts* and TV programs like *McHale's Navy* and *Ensign O'Toole* provided an inaccurate picture of Navy life (*McHale's Navy* especially angers information officers because, as one told me, "it shows blatant disrespect for authority"). "In the absence of popular fare to the contrary," say the pollsters, "the image of the Navy as a fun-loving, easygoing institution remains. . . . An element of toughness and discipline is missing . . . the feeling of 'easy' must be turned into a challenge of no nonsense." With the Marine Corps, on the other hand, "the only potential danger is that the picture may be carried too far, that a reputation for too much toughness, for being overly rugged, for excessive discipline may begin to grow. . . ."

Such findings seem trivial. Americans like a good laugh, even at the expense of the Navy (or any other service) and there is a tradition of making fun of the sergeant, but that does not mean that Americans question the underlying need for a large military establishment and the foreign policy it serves. The effect of more than twenty years of military propaganda, coupled with the continual anti-Communist statements by civilian policy makers has been to give the public a cold-war vocabulary and to teach them to see the world in those terms. The evidence (regardless of any poll) that this has worked is the willingness of the public to support larger and larger defense budgets. It can be said that America has been patriotic in the sense that the military desires —that is, it will pay for what the military wants. Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, is correct when he claims that "the American people are not interested in a balanced budget when it comes to security. . . . I have traveled the length and breadth of this country. They say, 'We will forgo anything but our security.' "

The belief that national security can be purchased by spending more money for weapons systems, and deploying more Green Berets around the world, has been inculcated in the public. Patriotism is synonymous in this view with militarism; love of country is equated with an open pocketbook and proudly sending one's sons to die in a senseless Asian war.

The silent majority is not composed of bloodthirsty killers. Americans do not inherently desire to plunder the Third World, and they certainly don't want a nuclear confrontation with the Soviet Union. The trouble is that they have no alternative way of being Americans; there is no other citizenship open to them. Their choice of action has been defined by the Defense establishment (in concert, of course, with the elite policy makers, and with the help of the

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media), and it is difficult for them to imagine any other way of thinking, let alone acting. Thus the protest movement of the young is seen as un-American (rather than in the American tradition). The individual has become subordinated to the state. News stories to the effect that people have refused to sign a petition endorsing the Bill of Rights are not trivial.

A free press, then, is perhaps the answer. Unfortunately, the press, particularly the Pentagon press corps, has proved itself in most cases an arm of the Defense establishment. The Pentagon, as might be expected, has done everything it could to curry favor with the press, and it has succeeded.

The Office of Public Affairs in the Pentagon maintains a magazine and book division to help writers prepare articles and books on the military. Friendly authors, of course, receive warm treatment. When Robin Moore, a former public relations man for Sheraton Hotels, decided to write a book about the Green Berets, the magazine and book division arranged for him to participate in action training at the Green Beret School at Fort Bragg, N.C., then to accompany Special Forces in action in Vietnam. The Directorate for Defense Information handles interviews, processes and releases speeches, and deals with newsmen. In 1969, it issued 1,604 releases.

Most members of the Pentagon press corps accept the assumptions of the military. Reporters who, in effect, "explain" the Pentagon to the public are invited to write for the various military journals. William Beecher, Pentagon correspondent for *The New York Times*, has contributed a number of stories to these publications. He is considered in Washington to be soft on the Department of Defense. In 1969, Beecher received the Mark Watson Memorial Award for distinguished military writing; he was chosen by the 165th Mobilization Department, U.S. Army Reserves, composed of newsmen who are reserve officers attached to the Army's Information Office.

During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations a reporter who wrote an unfriendly story or published information which the Pentagon wanted to withhold was often investigated. The FBI, or one of the special detective branches in the Pentagon such as the Civilian Security Agency, would harass him, question him about his sources, and, although it can't be proved, tap his phone. Such treatment was dealt reporters of *The Wall Street Journal*, the Associated Press and *Newsweek*, among others.

Such techniques make it hard for the newsmen to do a decent job; in part by scaring potential news sources. When he was Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara enforced a rule that at the end of each working day every DOD official must report in writing all contacts with newsmen.

Each of the services rewards the "good" reporters, and hounds the "bad." Twice a year, the Navy invites a group of newsmen to spend a few days aboard ship. One of the duties of the thirty-one Naval Reserve Public Affairs units is, according to instructions issued in 1968 by the Secretary of the Navy, to "nominate top media executives for two yearly trips to Hawaii (fifteen per trip) on an aircraft carrier and return via Navy air to the West coast." Newsmen are, of course, included in the orientation programs described earlier. An Air Force Public Affairs report notes that "the use of this airlift [of newsmen], although not authorized in advance through OASDPA, further cemented the fine public and community relations support of an influential segment of the local press, radio, TV, and civilian leaders in the community. Exceptionally good coverage of the five Outstanding Airmen of the Year from Colorado resulted from this trip." Local military units are encouraged to make sure that the community press tells the military's "story." Instructions for the Naval Public Affairs reservists includes: "If the news is devoid of Navy activity, call the media and ask the simple question, 'Where is the Navy news today?' "

Each service also supplies local papers and TV stations with stories, photos and film on the activity of soldiers from the neighborhood. The Army Home Town News Center in Kansas City, Mo., estimates that in fifteen years it has issued 32 million releases, a million and a half stills, 175,000 taped interviews and 40,000 motion pictures.

Greysmith, San Francisco Chronicle

". . . And This One Is from One of My Rougher Battles."

Too much can be made of the military's public relations activities. The American people are not automatons, and blacks and students through their own reading and experience have rejected the Pentagon's propaganda. Nevertheless the problem is that the great majority of the American public has been affected by twenty-five years of cold-war propaganda, and that there is no countervailing source of information.

Those who wish to dismantle the military-industrial complex and alter officially America's foreign policy are finding it necessary to oppose the Pentagon's public relations machine with their own education program.

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To offset military radio shorts, San Francisco peace groups have prepared anti-recruitment ads ("See your draft counselor, not your recruiter"), and have requested the Northern California stations to broadcast them. The basis for their request is the "Fairness Doctrine" of the FCC and the manner in which that doctrine has been applied to cigarette advertisements. In a letter to a local station, a lawyer for the peace groups contends that military service today "is a controversial issue of public importance —far more controversial and far more important than the issue of whether an individual ought to smoke cigarettes." Anti-war groups in other cities are following this lead. A group of business executives who oppose the war in Vietnam has compiled ten-second radio messages protesting the war from leading military men, among them former Marine Commandant David Shoup.

In December 1969, returned Vietnam veterans who opposed the war held a "Trial of the Army" at the University of Washington in response to official harassment of the GI coffeehouse, The Shelter Half. A jury of GIs and a crowd of 1,200 heard testimony against living conditions in the Army and the conduct of the war. Fred Gardner, one of those responsible for the coffeehouse movement, wrote that "the passion of the speeches and the impact on the crowd convinced some observers that the time is ripe for setting up a speakers' program for GIs and Vets. . . . There are so many men back from Vietnam now, yearning for a chance to dissociate themselves from the war machine, that we could confront the Army flacks whenever and wherever they ply their trade. And if a speakers' network were established, it would be the basis for a vets' anti-war organization that had roots in real work."

In January 1970 The Businessmen's Educational Fund, a nonpartisan group concerned about the impact of excessive military spending on national priorities, hired Ernest Fitzgerald, the efficiency expert who was fired by the Pentagon for exposing cost overruns in major weapons systems, and is sending him on a nationwide speaking tour to discuss how the Pentagon wastes taxpayers' money. Fitzgerald is the first in a line of experts critical of the military which the group plans to organize into a speakers' bureau. In Peoria, Ill., the local peace-action council is organizing counter-seminars to be held when the National Security Seminar comes to town in May.

Such education activities are just beginning. They must be greatly expanded and multiplied, if the anti-Communist reflex and the belief that the way to national security lies in more military spending are to be seriously challenged. □

AFTER TIJERINA

La Raza, the Land and the Hippies

PETER NABOKOV

Mr. Nabokov is the author of Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior *(Crowell) and* Tijerina and the Courthouse Raid *(University of New Mexico Press). He has lived and worked on three American Indian reservations: Sioux, Crow and Navajo, and is now a research associate of the Museum of the American Indian.*

Albuquerque, N.M.

During a trial recess in Albuquerque last November, Reies Lopez Tijerina lifted his head from a water fountain, slid his palm impatiently across his mouth and waited for my question. I asked why, at the outset of the second major trial on charges stemming from the notorious armed raid on a northern New Mexico courthouse in June 1967, he had angrily quit as president of the "Alianza," the Spanish-American land-grant front he had founded seven years before. Federal marshals in plain clothes, smiling as if their good-nature buttons had just been pushed, hovered over their prisoner. Tijerina's bond on a federal conviction under appeal had recently been revoked after a carbine barrel to carbine barrel confrontation with a forest ranger. Tijerina grabbed at me and whispered in hisses:

"I tell you, Pete. In that prison cell, forty days after the moonshot, I had this dream, this experience, the most fantastic thing. I was laughing and crying when I awoke. I was afraid to reach out and touch the walls for fear my hand go right through them." His arms were extended, hands penetrating imaginary concrete. His hazel-green eyes caught hot points of light. His mouth widened into an enthusiastic grin. "You see, now the land grants are so much of my attention," he pinched his fingers in the Mexican sign for *a little,* "but the Middle East is so much." He threw out his arms.

"I saw in that dream that time and space are barriers to communication, and I was shown a new language, a universal language, the fourth-dimensional language. Then I looked in the Bible and read it all in a new way, and it all checked out. The Arab and Israeli people are both sons of Abraham. So I am going to petition U Thant to send me alone as a civil emissary to the Middle East and bring these warring tribes together." Before he could elaborate, he was tapped on the shoulder to return to the courtroom. We did not have a chance to talk alone again.

Ever since Tijerina appeared mysteriously in New Mexico in the late 1950s, his motives have caused speculation and suspicion. Nativistic prophets of

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primitive mold, arising in situations where rural, pre-political, pre-industrial peoples suffer devastating cultural clashes with politicized, legalistic and technologically advanced conquerors, are not a modern American occurrence. Among the American Indians there were numerous prophets, most notably the Paiute leader, Wovoka, whose visions created the ghost dance. Its last-ditch hope to pray back the grandfathers and the buffalo was crushed in the Wounded Knee Massacre of 1890. Among the blacks there was Marcus Garvey, a more politically sophisticated visionary but one whose Old Testament fundamentalism resembles Tijerina's. Perhaps the most appropriate comparison to Tijerina, trained in the Assembly of God, is the little-known Brazilian priest *manqué* named Anthony the Counselor. In the 1890s his messianic powers attracted droves of peasants and outcasts to a backlands settlement, soon wiped out by government troops.

But contemporary American prophets must buck a tough modernized world, particularly when they advance their Moses-like goals with Robin Hood tactics. For Tijerina, impulses of savior and social bandit converged in the land-grant cause.

The villagers of northern New Mexico were as wary of Tijerina's tent revivalist charisma as the local law-enforcement officials were convinced that he was paid by Moscow. Tijerina won their allegiance by making *their* cause, the long-simmering fight to regain land once awarded to Hispano pioneers, his own. Millions of acres, in the form of some 1,715 land grants, were originally given by the Spanish Crown and Mexican Government to colonizers who married native Indian women—thereby creating La Raza, the New Breed, the Cosmic Race. That was the cause, but the canny villagers were never entirely mesmerized by the vociferous newcomer with the blazing eyes and flailing arms. "We put him there," said an Alianza witness at the first trial, "for as long a time as we need him." A villager once told me: "He's a pretty good man, talks good and stands with us; so far he's been good. That's all we know."

Tijerina soon earned the fear of the state's officialdom because of his unbridled rhetoric backed by fearlessly staged confrontations. These culminated in the attack, on June 5, 1967 (Pancho Villa would have been 80 years old that day) on a dilapidated cow-town courthouse just below the Colorado border in Rio Arriba County. That afternoon three carloads of Tijerina's supporters, allegedly led by Tijerina himself, tried unsuccessfully to ferret out a local district attorney who had been staging his own rightist vendetta against the militant land granters. The result was a Wild West skirmish, naturally publicized for its cinematic color, which culminated in the largest manhunt in the state's history, complete with barbed-wire concentration camp, two tanks, planes, helicopters, Jicarilla Apache police, local posses, and 400 of the state's National Guard. The first trial arising from the raid was held in late fall, 1968. Tijerina's alleged involvement was isolated from his fellow nine defendants and he was tried first. Conducting his own defense, Tijerina—known as *"abogado sin libros"* (lawyer without books) in his youth—won a stunning acquittal. The atmosphere before the second trial last fall was not so promising.

Uneasiness and mystery hung over the Bernalillo County courthouse as Tijerina again began speaking in his own behalf. He seemed preoccupied, and would announce later in the proceedings, "I have so many things on my mind that are requiring my attention, this trial is only a small part of it." However, he never revealed his new summons to the Middle East. A prosecution aide confided overhearing that daily doses of saltpeter in his Albuquerque city farm meals were dampening Tijerina's oratory.

A lack of enthusiasm could also be sensed in the grizzled, leathery village families who seemed unclear as to what Tijerina's apparently irrevocable desertion from the land-grant movement meant. Publicly, Tijerina had stated that his resignation as Alianza president had been sparked by his disagreement with the Alianza's latest thrust: a petition to President Nixon, agreed upon in Tijerina's absence, demanding that the bulk of the North American Southwest be returned to the Chicano people, to be a country of their own. By this initiative they were putting into action a concept of Chicanohood which had been developed earlier in the year.

Over Easter week, 1969, more than 1,500 young people attended a Chicano Youth Liberation Conference in Denver. The Crusade for Justice, a four-year-old group with a reputation for militantly defending the rights and opportunities of Chicanos, was the host. During the five-day "fiesta," the crusade's founder, a tough, barrio-raised former boxer named Rudolph "Corky" Gonzales, helped guide the conference's adoption of the "Spiritual Plan of Aztlan." This document attempted to define the heritage and domain of "the Chicano inhabitants and civilizers of the northern land of Aztlan (the Aztec Nation), whence came our forefathers, reclaiming the land of their birth and consecrating the determination of our people of the sun, declare that the call of our blood is our power, our responsibility, and our inevitable destiny." The Alianza applied the document's heroic rhetoric to a map and came up with all of Colorado and New Mexico, those sections of Arizona and California south of the 35th parallel, and a chunk of Texas south of a line drawn from the Rio Colorado's mouth to the southeastern corner of New Mexico. "O.K., since the United States won't recognize the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which protected those land grants we were fighting for," said an Alianza official, "then we won't either. Give us what we had before the treaty, or at least this part of it." (Just last month, the *second* Chicano Youth Liberation Conference was held in Denver. By now the Aztlan concept has spread, and the second conference demonstrated that young Chicanos have all the while felt more like citizens of this Indo-Hispanic domain than of the Southwest and its five united states.)

Angrily divorcing himself from this demand for the

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"Republica de Aztlan," Tijerina wrote from his jail cell, "My motto is Justice, but not Independence nor Revolution. . . ." But his fellow Alianzans appeared unwilling to take this as a final break. "I hope he doesn't mean it," an Alianza member said. "I would be very much surprised if this says he no longer cares about our cause."

Another mystery of the second trial arose from a procedural question which all recognized as critical. Among the courthouse employees who had been caught and rounded up during the courthouse siege two and a half years before was a frail, timid jailer named Eulogio Salazar. He had also been one of two law officers seriously wounded during the incident. At a clamorous, hastily conducted hearing shortly after the raid, Salazar fingered Tijerina as the gunman who had blown his mouth apart. Six months later, Salazar was found bludgeoned to death on a back-country road. The murder is still unsolved. For a while it darkened Tijerina's movement (some say that was the idea behind the killing). It remains a stain on the state's amateurish law enforcement. The matter of admitting Salazar's key testimony was, however, even more important at the moment than the identity of his murderers.

Although district court Judge Garnett R. Burks allowed himself to inform every potential juror that the job they might be taking on would not be part of their civil rights in Cuba or the Soviet Union, the courtroom was relatively free of right-wing nationalism or racism. Although a state police plain-clothes officer, known for his hatred of Tijerina's movement, roughed up a student photographer, the trial lacked the overtly repressive atmosphere of recent political trials elsewhere in the country. However, Salazar's testimony—which had not been adequately cross-examined, as required—was admitted, and Tijerina was convicted on two out of four counts. On January 5, 1970, he was sentenced to concurrent state prison terms of one-to-five and two-to-ten years.

Later that month Tijerina—by then dismissed by his national militant brotherhood as unstable, the instigator of an already dated mode of confrontation, a valuable figurehead in the beginning but one whose ego trips encouraged the cardinal leftist sin: a personality cult—was transferred from La Tuna federal prison outside El Paso, Tex., to another federal pen in Springfield, Mo. Officials explained that Tijerina's nagging throat ailment, which a psychiatrist had once diagnosed as caused by nervous tension, required treatment. But there were other rumors. One was that the Texas-born leader had continued to agitate behind the walls. Another, that he was being moved to a psychiatric facility. Whatever the reason, the transfer appeared to be the final break in a series of ruptures between Tijerina and an evolving movement that had already left him far behind.

Ramon Tijerina, one of Reies' four brothers, moved from Texas to become the Alianza's new president. He took office in the dimly lit, cavernous industrial building which had been the Alianza headquarters since 1963. Working closely with him was William Higgs, a young attorney associated with the Law Center for Constitutional Rights. Higgs had guided the Alianza's momentary transformation into the People's Constitutional Party during the 1968 state elections, when it ran a slate for state offices. Now he seemed to be taking a strong advisory position in steering the land-grant group's fund raising and planning. His hand could be discerned in a $1 billion civil suit charging that the U.S. Civil Service and virtually the entire Nixon Cabinet had continued discriminatory hiring practices against blacks, Mexican-Americans and women.

During the year the Alianza building and its occupants had been targets for a succession of near-fatal bombings. After Tijerina's trial, the small circle of Alianza leaders became even more suspicious of outsiders, forbidding glimpses of a new Alianza feature: an iron "Cosmic Table" on the guarded second floor, around which deliberated fifteen elected members of the inner council. Despite their break with Tijerina, these men had been hit hard by his jail sentences, viewing them as further proof of the Anglo power structure's conquest and vengeance. Just then, another branch of the Anglo establishment took the edge off that bitterness.

In 1967 the Episcopal Church had voted to help finance minority group organizations seeking "political and economic power." In early November 1969, the church's executive committee recommended a $41,000 grant for the Alianza. Furious over the prospect, Charles J. Kinsolving III, Bishop of New Mexico, warned that he would withhold diocesan payments if the grant were made, because he felt the Alianza did not fit the requirement of a "nonviolent" group. However, the field report backing the grant claimed: "The appalling truth is that not one public official has ever taken the Alianza's land-grant claims seriously or acted in good faith. . . . It is sheer hypocrisy to speak of law and order and violence. The indifference of responsible whites in New Mexico compelled the leadership to employ confrontation tactics." As for Tijerina, the report considered "irrelevant" the charges that he was a "fraud, a charlatan, an opportunist." Bishop Kinsolving made a last-minute trip to New York, but $40,000 did come through. It remains unclear whether the funds will go down the traditional land-grant claimant route of paying lawyers to file on disputed lands, or whether, as Higgs had announced, it will go toward "a community development program."

Part of the pressure on the Alianza to initiate more relevant strategies is coming from other segments of the amorphous but growing Chicano movement, which the Alianza's early bold stands boosted into existence. In the barrios of Santa Fe and Albuquerque the Brown Berets are fighting the urban issues of police review boards, housing, employment, self-defense, and hostile district attorneys. At the University of New Mexico, the United Mexican-American students have, among other issues, forced the administration to recognize that a Chicano Studies Department must be offered at the university of a state

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whose population is more than 25 per cent Chicano; which contains, as the state's guidebook acknowledges, "the only integral remnant of the northernmost fringe of the Spanish empire in America," and which yearly profits from the tourist trade drawn to its traditional Chicano mountain folk culture.

By this time, also, the Alianza was no longer the sole voice for the grass-roots villagers in the north. After the courthouse raid, the region began to be appreciated as the living Chicano heartland, where the pure La Raza communities romantically referred to by barrio revolutionaries still hung on. In the spring of 1968, in Española, the largest commercial center in Rio Arriba County, Beverly Axelrod, Eldridge Cleaver's attorney and for a period Tijerina's counsel, joined Elizabeth Martinez to launch the militant Chicano newspaper, *El Grito del Norte*. Maintaining close coverage of Alianza activities, it never became the organization's official organ, leaving columns open for wider dissemination of Chicano and other revolutionary news.

Meanwhile, new northern community organizing began. Last spring between twenty and thirty families, many of them Alianza members, pooled their meager resources to create the Tierra Amarilla Agricultural Cooperative. Along with 500 acres, local people donated used tractors, farm implements and food. In the first summer, on plots at Tierra Amarilla, Ensenada and Placita Blanca, 150 acres were planted, another 125 cleared, and the largest harvest, 15 tons of potatoes, was dug and sacked.

"This summer," explained a cooperative assistant, "we will be experimenting with staple crops like beans, potatoes, wheat for flour, to change the buying habits of the local population." Shifting from a cash-crop philosophy to a self-sustaining view of land use is a conscious effort to return to the land-grant community ideal. Gregorita Aguilar, the Co-op's president, is not worried about local support. "They will come because it's like it used to be, together here on the land, the way it used to be, the way we want to do it again." And her husband, Cruz Aguilar, adds, "When they work the land they feel free. The land, it does not betray you."

Halfway through the summer the cooperative—much of its leadership coming from the oldest Tijerina brother, Anselmo—learned that the only doctor in a 70-mile radius of Tierra Amarilla was abandoning his five-year-old clinic. The cooperative raised money to buy the building and was planning to reopen it when a fire, believed to be arson, burned much of the structure.

Before the cooperative could raise money to repair the gutted rooms the bank began balking at the notion of a People's Clinic. Police spread the word that "Communists were helping." Local Anglos started diversionary talk of another clinic to be established in Chama, a predominantly white rancher commercial center. An emergency fund-raising operation finally secured the building, however, and it opened this April. As burnt-out rooms are being rebuilt, three Tierra Amarilla residents are being sent to the Salud Health Clinic in California to be trained as receptionists, medical and X-ray technicians. [See "California Clinic: Medical Storm Center" by Ronald B. Taylor, *The Nation*, January 6, 1969.]

While the cooperative and the clinic struggle to establish a self-sufficient foothold, they are feeling threatened from an unlikely quarter. After the summer of 1967, the paradises of Haight-Ashbury, the East Village and Sunset Strip turned into nightmares for white middle-class dropouts, castoffs and runaways. New Mexico then became a magnet for the counter culture's pastoral vanguard. The hippie influx has not abated, and last summer, the predicted sparks began flying. First the Hopi villages, simplistically advertised in underground papers as origins of nonviolence, turned a cold shoulder to undisciplined, culturally naive Indian imitators. Next, the Chicano settlements bordering the new northern New Mexico communes began reacting to the "free" life style next door, and the insult they felt it implied.

The hippies assert that their tie to the land grows out of a universal, "natural" link between man and planet. The Chicano land gripe was thus a property hangup. The Chicano, defensive about the remnants of his land and life ways not stolen and raped by the Anglo world, is redefining his cultural linkage with the same soil. The hippie, he senses, can indulge in voluntary poverty. "Mama, send me some bread," phones a hippie mother in Taos. On the other end a middle-aged voice pleaded to know her daughter's welfare. "Mama, don't ask me things, just send me the money. I'm your flesh and blood, right?" To the Chicano, poverty is not a trip but a pit from which, until recently, he could escape only by extended servitude as a migrant worker.

The city fathers of Taos, Santa Fe and Española have also looked with horror at the barefoot newcomers who venture into town for supplies. Around Taos, where the visitors have settled most heavily—almost 2,000 today—a real estate agent reports selling them $500,000 worth of land. Last year the antagonism became intense. Long-time residents feared dirt and drugs would rub off on their children, and so stated at an emergency town meeting. Signs appeared in tourist shops refusing service "to anyone considered a health menace." Molotov cocktails were thrown at a young people's coffeehouse. Then Peter Fonda's paranoia was given a wide press. During the filming of *Easy Rider*, Fonda claimed he had learned that three people were castrated, six shot by the side of the road, and "fifteen chicks have been raped by the Anglos and the Chicanos and the Indians." His point was that the hippies were "kicking their feet in the sand and . . . not making it," that the "commune trip was a bummer." In reality, there were two rapes in separate areas.

However, the underlying cultural conflict is more complex than provincial bigotry versus free spirits. Recently, as a Cleveland underground paper blared:

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"Culture Pigs Plan To Rip Off Chicano and Indian Land," that antagonism seemed to be growing. The new Chicano self-awareness was about to confront "well-heeled Beverly Hills hippie types," who decided to settle an "Earth People's Park" in southern Colorado or northern New Mexico. About $1 million was said to be available to buy 100,000 acres, which was thought enough to support 10,000 young people. Milan Melvin, a 27-year-old Pop record producer and Joan Baez's brother-in-law, said the "Woodstock consciousness . . . provided the germ for the Earth People's Park movement." Novelist Ken Kesey, who attended some of the sessions on the enterprise, said: "I thought about it—they're gonna try to farm it and work it, but they can't. It's gonna be a piece of land with a lot of people on it doin' weird stuff."

Melvin hoped the park would "provide tools for people to get together and work out a new life style. . . . All we're asking is that people bring maybe a fistful of seeds. Hopefully, they'll be marked so that we don't have gladiola growing with corn, although that might be kind of groovy." He was counting on the native Indians and Mexican-Americans to teach their "country tricks" to the new settlers.

That notion drove Chicano organizers up the wall, and an *El Grito del Norte* editorial, saying flatly, "Please Don't Come," was widely republished. One cooperative supporter, striving to explain the bitter history of Chicano/Anglo relations in the north (including the fact that a favored site for the park is a hotly disputed land grant), went to Berkeley to urge the planners to reconsider. "They called me chauvinistic and fascistic," she said. "That's all they could say, that brown chauvinism was no better than white chauvinism. We must fight this business. It doesn't do our purposes any good to have young Chicanos beating up whites. We're into Chicano Nationhood and these kids have no idea of cultural attachment. It just can't work, not now." Apparently, the message got through, for in early March the park's backers announced that they were not coming to New Mexico after all.

Social turmoil is alternately prophetic and anachronistic in northern New Mexico. Recently, social planners have looked to the region as possibly the last stand for small, economically self-sufficient communities. In this they are not speaking of gladiola among cornstalks but of ecologically stable, predominately and traditionally Chicano populations, running their own village industries, carefully conceived farming and animal husbandry, local bilingual schools, and rational use of natural resources. It would be a tragedy if strife between the Third World's self-assertiveness and the counter culture's alienated legions were to obstruct this goal.

On the other hand, the state's medieval political structure creaks on. Tijerina, the man of dreams, safely in prison for the next few years, would seem to present no threat to it. But word in late March was that the state of New Mexico was throwing a new set of twenty-four charges stemming from the courthouse raid against him and nine followers. "If this isn't an example of Nero fiddling while Rome burned," said a veteran New Mexico observer who phoned me the news, "I don't know what is." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Civilized Man

THE JOURNEY NOT THE ARRIVAL MATTERS: An Autobiography of the Years 1939-1969. *By Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & World. 217 pp. $5.95.*

EDWIN J. KENNEY, Jr.
Mr. Kenney teaches English at Colby College in Maine.

Characteristically, as if he were deliberately keeping himself alive just long enough to finish his last work in the world, Leonard Woolf completed the fifth and final volume of his autobiography shortly before his death on August 14, 1969. *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters, 1939-1969* is the conclusion to both his life and his record of it in *Sowing, 1880-1904; Growing, 1904-1911; Beginning Again, 1911-1919*; and *Downhill All the Way, 1919-1939*. Together these volumes will stand out from all the memoirs associated with that difficult and amorphous group "Bloomsbury" as the most important, illuminating and humane account of British intellectual life in the first part of this century.

Woolf came from a large Jewish family in London, went as a scholarship student to St. Paul's School and Trinity College, Cambridge, served in Ceylon as an agent of the British Empire, and resigned in disillusionment, married Virginia Stephen and started the Hogarth Press, joined the Fabian Society and the Labour Party, and helped create the League of Nations. He was a man of integrity and good will who lived his life trying to save civilization from barbarism and war.

This volume emphasizes the early forties, the years which, despite all of Woolf's efforts, brought the collapse of his public and private worlds. After all his work for peace, the world of savage imbecility created by Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler broke out into war. Bloomsbury fell to ruins beneath fire bombs, and the Hogarth Press was buried under the rubble of Mecklenburgh Square. After his daily attempts to keep Virginia Woolf from insanity and death, she committed suicide. Everything that Leonard Woolf had worked to preserve was gone, everything he had worked to prevent had happened, and the whole man and his whole life were challenged by these failures.

Woolf's title, *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*, from Montaigne, expresses Woolf's final attitude toward his failure to reach his goals. This volume describes "the most terrible and agonizing days" of Woolf's life; the restraint of his prose, which also recalls Montaigne, barely suggests the anguish of recounting them. "To drag the memory of them out of one's memory, as I must do now if I am to continue publicly to remember, is difficult and painful." But with common-sense toughness, his typical response to adversity and pain, Leonard Woolf continued "publicly to remember," a phrase that aptly characterizes the peculiar reticence of the entire autobiography. His controlled tone is the stylistic manifestation of the enduring self-control of the man.

Certainly Virginia Woolf's life was as long and productive as it was because of the love, care and confidence that Leonard gave her. Knowing of her illness and attempted suicide after her mother's death in 1895, and having experienced another attempt in 1913, a year after their marriage, Leonard watched over Virginia for all of their married life. He worried about her diet and her rest, helped to temper her manic-depressive moods, criticized her manuscripts, and protected her from her critics.

During Virginia's last breakdown, which began with the emotional exhaustion of finishing *Between the Acts* and continued during the uncertainty of daily bombings in wartime Britain, Leonard was "haunted" by his memory of her earlier attempts at suicide. Again in 1941, as in 1913 and countless other times, he had to face the possibility of disaster in order to get Virginia to accept the only method of avoiding it, the hated regime of rest and food, no reading or writing. He knew all the time that "a wrong word, a mere hint of pressure, even a statement of the truth, might be enough to drive her over the verge into suicide."

On March 28, 1941, when he came in from gardening at Monk's House, Rodmell, Leonard Woolf found her suicide letter on the sitting-room mantelpiece. "Dearest," it began, "I feel certain that I am going mad again. I feel we can't go through another of those terrible times. . . . What I want to say is I owe all the happiness of my life to you. You have been entirely patient with me and incredibly good." Virginia had drowned herself in the Sussex Ouse.

The pressure of having to endure the appalling risk of every one of his decisions about Virginia and the final horror of her suicide must have been almost unbearable for Leonard Woolf, but he does not "publicly remember" this part of his life. Lytton Strachey once suggested that Leonard had a "nervous breakdown in a mild way" after Virginia's illness in 1913; there is, however, no mention of it in the earlier volumes of the autobiography, just as there is no mention here of his inability to tell Virginia's sister, Vanessa Bell, about the suicide without breaking down into inarticulate tears, nor, in the three weeks before Virginia's body was recovered, of his acute distress at the crank accusations that he had "done away with her." Woolf's description of his state of paralyzed emotional shock in the months following Virginia's death suggests another "mild breakdown," but again there is no public remembrance.

How much of Leonard Woolf went into the ground with Virginia's ashes, which he buried himself, we shall never know. What remained was nobly supported by an "internal passive resistance, a silent unyielding self-control," and the stubborn acknowledgment that one has to make decisions and abide by their outcome, which he attributes to his inherited, "inveterate, immemorial fatalism of the Jew."

Leonard Woolf's response to Virginia's suicide, which he must have considered his greatest personal failure, reveals the man in his essence. As long as there re-

IN A SUMMER FIELD

Fallen in this field
outside the town,
I contemplate
the shades of rocks

and insects
moving below
the bending
Queen Anne's lace.

Dust from the gravel road
has powdered this green bed
where I have taken sleep.

In my old hand,
a flower and a stone
come together.

Tom McKeown

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mained even "the shadow of a shadow of a dream" he would not disengage himself from the real world and would not yield "even to the logic of events." But once the inevitable manifested itself as fact, he could accept it and continue to function in the knowledge that "You cannot escape Fate, and Fate is not in the future, but in the past." Leonard did not save Virginia's life, but he tried. And after her death, with his profound belief in her genius, he patiently edited and published *Between the Acts*, collections of her short stories and essays, and selections from her letters and notebooks. He salvaged the Hogarth Press, begun as therapy for his wife, kept it from the subtle dangers of expansion, and continued to make it one of the most distinguished private presses in Britain, concluding his career as a publisher with the monumental *Collected Works* of Sigmund Freud.

Woolf's political work also shows his qualities of ceaseless effort and resigned acceptance of inevitable and irreversible failure. His experiences in Ceylon had taught him firsthand of the evils of imperialism. He clearly understood that subject peoples had to be made a part of the government of their countries so that they could assume responsibility for their own destinies as soon as possible, and he was disgusted by the cant of Britain's democratic hypocrisy: "Contrary to what we professed we never did anything to prepare the way for self-government or responsible government."

From the time of his resignation and his novelistic evocation of vanishing Ceylon, *The Village in the Jungle* (1913), Woolf tried to analyze the problems of imperialism, to warn of its dangers, and to make suggestions for avoiding inevitable bloodshed and suffering. His *International Government* (1916), *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (1920) and *Imperialism and Civilization* (1928) are, in the sorry wisdom of hindsight, startling with all the pathos of unheeded truth. As one of the founders of the League of Nations Society, Woolf was convinced that there had to be some system of international law and communal force to provide for the peaceful settlement of disputes among nations. His writings and his efforts helped in the creation of the League at Versailles; and for the next twenty-seven years as secretary of the two Labour Party Advisory Committees for International Relations and Imperial Questions and the equivalent bureaus of the Fabian Society he tried to get Britain and the rest of the world to formulate international policy in accord with the aims of the League.

All this work before, during and after World War I, which Woolf opposed as "a senseless and useless war," was directed toward maintaining peace and solving the problems of imperialism. Woolf tried to discern the relation between communal ideals and actions in *After the Deluge* (1931, 1939), and as a founder and joint editor of the *Political Quarterly* and a director and occasional editor of the *New Statesman*, he tried to educate people to the responsibilities of government. But despite all his political work, writing, talking, editing, and meeting, despite even his shrill warning in *Barbarians at the Gate*, Leonard Woolf was forced to witness the descent of the world into war and to admit that he achieved "practically nothing."

But what comes through in his statement, at the age of 88, of exasperation at his own failure and ferocious indignation at the world's, is Woolf's abiding moral strength:

> To watch the Governments of Britain, France and the United States destroy the League as a potential instrument of peace and civilization against Hitler and the Nazis; to see the savage insanity of Hitler ecstatically infecting millions of Germans and carrying Europe and the world inexorably downhill into war; to observe the crude cruelty and stupidity of Soviet communism and the Iron Curtain from Stalin's massacres to the invasion of Czechoslovakia; to watch millions of ignorant Chinese and many western Europeans, who should know better, hail the imbecilities and savagery of Mao and Chinese communism as divine political and economic revelations; to see Americans at one and the same time showing superhuman skill and intelligence by sending three astronauts round the moon and year after year fighting in Vietnam a stupid, unjustified, bloody, and useless war; to see, what one had hoped for, the break-up of imperialism and colonialism, and then to find in the place of empires the chaotic crudities and hydrogen bombs of Mao in China, the senseless hostility of Pakistan and India, the unending war of Arabs and Israelis, the primitive brutality of apartheid in South Africa and Rhodesia; the ebb and flow of chaos and bloodshed and bleak authoritarianism in the new independent African states—when I look round at these facts in the world of today, I feel acute pain, compounded, I think, of disappointment and horror and discomfort and disgust.

Until his death Leonard Woolf courageously maintained a precarious ambivalence toward the awesome and impersonal forces of life. He saw and felt deeply the futility of trying to save humanity from barbarism, and he knew that ultimately, in the eye of the universe, nothing man does is of the slightest importance, knowledge which could be both a source of despair and consolation. But he never gave up because he believed at the same time that "in one's own personal life, in terms of humanity and human history and human society, certain things are of immense importance: human relations, happiness, truth, beauty or art, justice and mercy."

His balanced view of life enabled him to continue working in the face of all the difficulties, all the insults, brutalities and defeats that face the committed man, without ever capitulating into either fanaticism or cynicism, responses to life which he abhorred. Woolf's vital and resilient ability to persevere in the cause of humanity without abusing it, giving up on it, or losing it himself is what constitutes his greatness as a man. His autobiography should remind us, especially in times of violence, that the civilized man represents the only genuine human victory over hatred, cruelty and chaos. □

Nothing Hidden

POEMS 1934-1969. *By David Ignatow. Wesleyan University Press. 272 pp. $7.95.*

RALPH J. MILLS, Jr.
Mr. Mills's recent books include Selected Letters of Theodore Roethke *and* Creation's Very Self. *He teaches English at the University of Illinois, Chicago Circle.*

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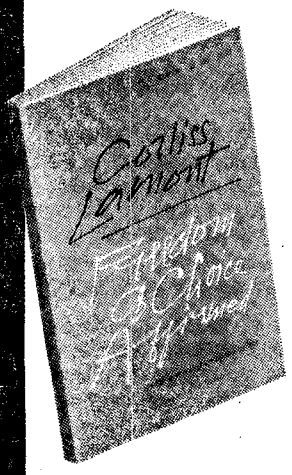

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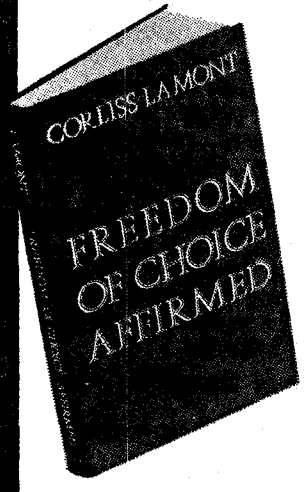

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I don't mean by this simply an open confession of private emotions, much less an exposure of one's failings or weaknesses, though Ignatow never disowns his feelings, and at times relentlessly probes his own nature. Rather, I am referring to an unsparing honesty—the "intense vision"—toward experience, whether that experience is of inwardness and the hidden self, of relationships with others or of the wider life of society. Authenticity speaks to us from every line of Ignatow's poetry, reaching into our lives with the force and deliberation of the seemingly unassuming art which he has subtly and skillfully shaped.

Ignatow is, in a primary sense, a poet of place, of New York and environs, and consequently dramatizes the hurried, frustrated, often anguished existence of the urban American under pressure to make money and achieve some measure of security and rest. His poems of the 1940s in particular return to these concerns:

Tonight reality is in the rest
I have found from murdering myself
racing through streets,
my mind racing ahead,
my body pounding after
money—green as grass!

But Ignatow penetrates imaginatively both the actualities of himself as a person and the circumstances of the world beyond himself, suffers and assimilates what he discovers until it can be articulated in the form of a poem; that is the substance of "Day My Dream":

The explosive
mouth that fragments the atmosphere;
the old woman who drools on a bus
crowded with intensely dressed
salesmen.
How they look away in disgust.
All this is normal to me,
as the face in my mirror each
morning—
lined by guilt of the night;
lips relaxed from rightness, creases
under the eyes enfolding pleasure
in dark folds.
Since the tunnel
in which I have acted out my dreams
has been lit with these passions,
revealing my form, I converse with all,
as if night were day and my dream.

Whether writing of Bowery bums, his experiences as a hospital clerk, the joys and conflicts of love, the prospects of death (as he comes more often to do with age) or the ironies and threats of history, Ignatow handles the language and rhythms of his poems with an enviable flexibility, ease and directness:

Get the gasworks in a poem
and you've got the smoke and
smokestacks,
the mottled red and yellow tenements,
and grimy kids who curse with the
pungency
of the odor of gas. You've got
America, boy.

Yet such characteristics exist within the firmly achieved dimension of that poetic voice which Ignatow has found, made his own, and continued to perfect with an apparent casualness and surface simplicity that will not deceive any reader who attends closely to the expanding range of effects it can command and the depths and resonances of experience it can disclose. Frequently, as in "The Errand Boy I," he creates the extraordinary concentration and allusiveness of a contemporary parable but does so without ever detaching his poem from our awareness of the specific day-to-day realities from which it arises:

To get quicker through the day
and to bring on night as a blessing,
to lie down in a sleep that is a dream
of completion, he takes up his package
from the floor—he has been ordered
to do so, heavy as it is, his knees
weakening
as he walks, one would never know
by his long stride—and carries it
to the other end of the room.

Ignatow's commitment to a particular environment, its language and lives, and his life enacted in its midst, is declared with vehement energy in "Where Nothing Is Hidden," a poem in which he abandons scornfully the self-deceiving refuge of the suburbs for the harsh, ugly, destructive surroundings of the city:

Scream and yell and pound on the
walls here in the city,
to be ignored or beaten down.
Speak of the bitter with your last
breath
and sweep the whole city into the sea
with a gesture or drive your car off
the dock,
taking with you the city's death,
but none of the green vomit
of those who spill their guts
and stand on it in silence like trees
that hide their birds from one another
and live for hundreds of years
without comment.

An important aspect of Ignatow's imaginative growth becomes evident in the increasing number of poems during the last two decades that incorporate or build upon elements of fantasy, dream and the irrational. A highly evocative imagery permits the pursuit of elusive perceptions and states of being. Similarly, in his prose poems of the 1960s Ignatow has successfully joined dreamlike or nightmare effects with his social and moral concerns, presenting each poem as if it were a miniature drama. The reader may, as a result, envisage these poems as unfolding like the events of a play in his head; but quite conceivably they could also be adopted for live stage performance.

Ignatow's later poems frequently look long and hard at the poet's life, his desires and failures, the difficulties, pains and resolutions of marriage, the arrival of middle-age, and the promise of death which generates a sense of bleakness and futility. The haunting mood and scene of "The Moon" are inspired by such feelings:

I walk beneath it, seeing a stranger
look down on my familiar state. I
walk,
and it does not know where or for
what
reason on the black surface of the
earth.
I hurry, it is late. I disappear
into the dark shadow of a building,
running, and ask of the moon
what does it expect to discover,
what does it do in the sky,
staring down on the intimate
despairing actions of a man?

Themes of moral darkness, violence, nihilism and personal horror reach their climax in a series of three terrible "Ritual" poems; and so, purged to a degree of these disturbing preoccupations, Ignatow can conclude "A Meditation on Violence," which follows a few pages after, with thoughts about the shifting temperaments of children at play whose swiftly alternating shouts of happiness and anger "show the meaning to my life/is to celebrate, always to celebrate." The last sections from *Rescue the Dead* (1968) and the subsequent group of ten new pieces rise to a lyrical plane of acceptance, reconciliation, love and affirmation; these are certainly among Ignatow's most beautiful and moving poems. "Walk There," dedicated to Marianne Moore, is a poem of pilgrimage from the forest's dense enclosure and bewildering tracklessness toward open space, the possibilities proclaimed by extending horizons:

The way through the woods is past
trees,
touching grass, bark, stone, water and
mud;
into the night of the trees, beneath
their damp cold, stumbling on roots,
discovering no trail, trudging
and smelling pine, cypress and musk.
A rabbit leaps across my path,
and something big rustles in the bush.
Stand still, eye the nearest tree
for climbing. Subside in fear
in continued silence. Walk.
See the sky splattered with leaves.
Ahead, is that too the sky
or a clearing?
Walk there.

This collection of poems clearly stakes an irrevocable claim for Ignatow as one of the best, most durable poets of his

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generation, a generation which also includes Roethke, Berryman, Shapiro and Lowell. No wonder that among the few writers mentioned in his poems and dedications, Whitman and Williams stand out; for following their example he has placed himself in the tradition of those genuine poets who have, in independent ways, struggled to create a living American poetry from the immediacies of existence in this country, from the tragedies and potentialities of its legacy, and from the abundant music and vitality of its language. David Ignatow's accomplishment now becomes plain.

I want my trees to love me
and my grass to reach up to the porch
where I am no one but the end of time,
as I stand waiting for renewal in my brain,
because I am what the sun shines forth:
I am labor, I am a disposition to live.
Who dies? Only the sun
but you must wait
while I live. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

The best of Broadway is *Borstal Boy*. Only it isn't "Broadway": it's Irish. It is an adaptation for the stage by Frank McMahon of Brendan Behan's book, and its two leading players are members of Dublin's Abbey Theatre.

Borstal Boy tells how as a lad of 16 Behan was arrested for having brought to England explosives intended to blow up a railroad station in Liverpool on behalf of the Irish Republican Army. He was first taken to Walton Jail where he was subjected to particularly savage treatment. He was then sentenced to three years in a Borstal school, a corrective institution for juvenile offenders, located on the east coast of England.

I have not read the original book and it may be that its emotional scope is greater than that of its stage version. Yet what one sees and hears in the production at the Lyceum Theatre is sufficiently tender and humorous to recommend it as one of the very few plays that an adult can enjoy at present in the larger New York show places.

The writing is very fine: direct and flavorsome, with hardly any of the facile jocularity which occasionally becomes self-indulgent in Irish writing. There is little effort in the poetry of Behan's writing to be "poetic." He managed to keep his cool while relating acts and facts of vicious cruelty. With the distance which the veil of memory and maturity lent him, his past sufferings were transfigured into objective understanding. The effect is of almost continuous comedy.

Hilarious things happen and delightfully colorful characters emerge. (There are, to be sure, dull spots in the second act.) Yet all of this is even more poignant than funny. Even in the simplest people, the human spirit persistently cries defiance against the brazen domination of unjust force.

There is one further point to be noted in regard to the writing of the play: it is often obscene, but the obscenity is part of the virtue and beauty of the language. Obscenity has become common on our stage, but in most instances it is merely a symptom of ineptitude in the body of the playwright's verbiage.

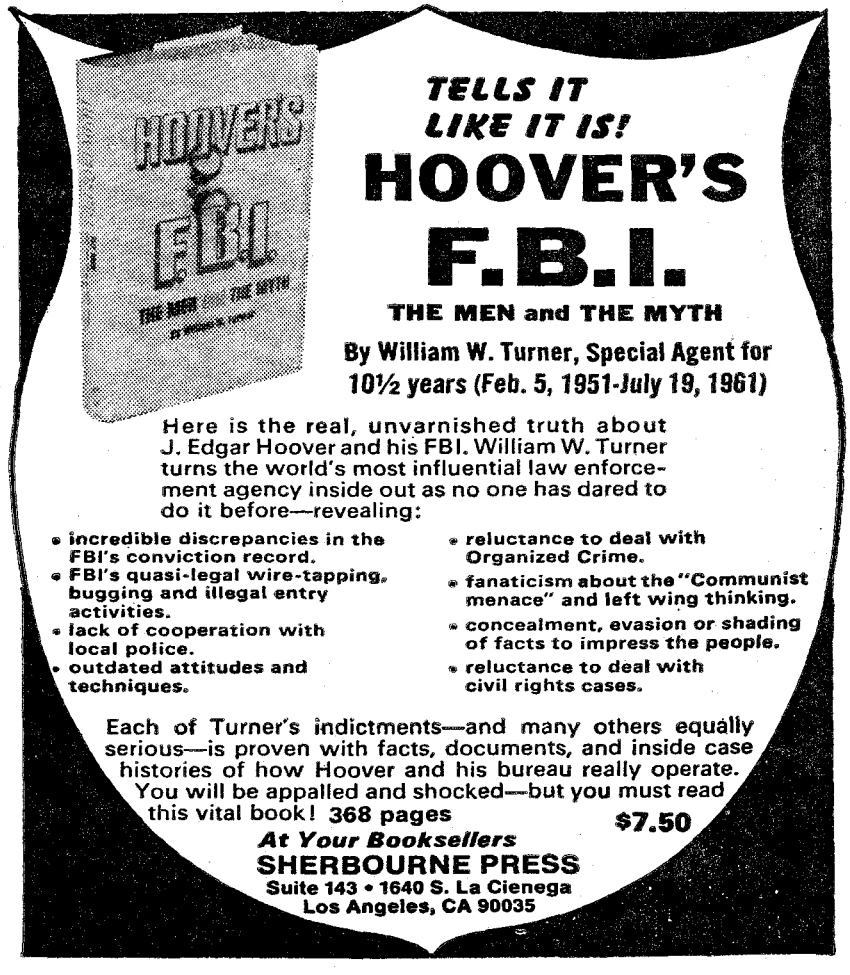
The production of *Borstal Boy* is in every respect first-rate: it is all of a piece and therefore true theatre. Its director, Tomas MacAnna of the Abbey Theatre, has created a genuine entity of all the stage elements: settings, lights, songs and acting.

Virtually all the players deserve praise. Space allows only the mention of Niall Toibin who with his remarkable resemblance to Behan himself possesses the right ease, slightly acid tone, and a sort of disengagement which is still earthy and securely committed to the cause for which he endured so much hardship. There is in him a touch of the raffish drinker withal. Frank Grimes as young Behan reveals his innocence and bravery, his bewildered goodness, and as part of that, his indomitability.

Broadway hungers for hits. *Applause* was a hit before the fact. The first-night audience, Broadway's finest, came into the theatre prepared to love everything including the ushers (Palace Theatre). The show is a smash. Based on the movie *All About Eve*, *Applause* has a book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Charles Strouse and lyrics by Lee Adams.

It is an "in" musical. What it is in is show business, and that, I am sorry to say, is to be in very little. In this particular, I must confess to a prejudice. I have rarely seen any play about the (American) stage that hasn't embarrassed me. There is something ickily glamorized about such exhibitions—as if their authors, otherwise sane, become as foolishly excited as an adolescent on the make for some gorgeous or publicized morsel of female wildlife.

Now theatre folk are, as the old saw goes, human beings. There is no reason why they can't be treated in any manner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whatsoever which befits a creative intention, but no matter who nowadays undertakes to do a play about the fauna of the theatre, a breathless juvenile exaggeration sets in, manifesting itself by a leap into the sleazy.

Applause attempts to avoid this error. It shows its central character, Margo Channing, as a lady approaching middle age, jealous of her position as a star actress though supposedly secure in it, in love with her director, a man younger than herself, and through all the vagaries of her temperament and the fever of her profession very much a true woman —whatever that may signify. The plot also concerns Eve Harrington, a little girl from nowhere who by artful calculation, rapacious ambition and indisputable talent manages to worm her way into the star's good graces, serving first as her very efficient private secretary, then very nearly displacing her in the limelight. Eve ends by winning the "Tony" Award as the best actress of the season.

Comden and Green have introduced some skepticism into the telling of this story. There is, for example, a scene in which the empty frivolity of opening-night parties for star and production bigwigs is exposed through the use of squeaky gibberish. (Margo prefers the more genuine gaiety of the popular pubs where the theatre's small fry gather.) But for all their worthy efforts to keep the show rooted in reality, the authors are obliged to show Eve Harrington getting a star part by giving herself to a brutal producer, after having begun her climb to glory by similar favors to the stage manager and the playwright.

I submit that this is claptrap. In today's depleted theatre producers will offer star roles to actresses they positively loathe—if such casting will help put the show over. Actresses may still "sleep around," but they are pretty stupid if they believe this to be the way to stage fame. If Eve is as gifted as we are supposed to believe, she can "get to the top" without sleeping with anyone.

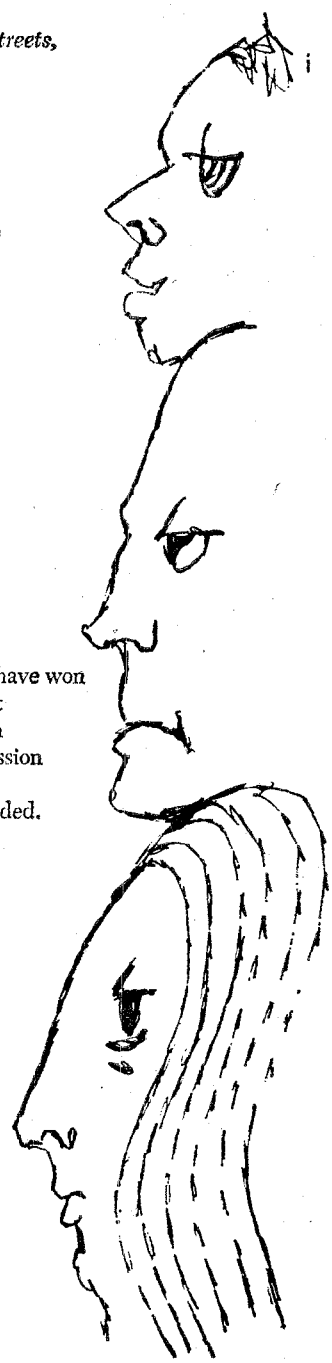
But very few theatregoers will be troubled by such considerations. The attractions of the show lie elsewhere—though certainly not in the music; it is resoundingly nonexistent. The scenery by Robert Randolph is on the heavily luxurious side, but is moved with a dispatch that somehow soothes one with the sensuality of the ultra efficient. Tharon Musser's handling of the lighting is most effective. The costumes by Ray Aghayan are so expensively spiffy that we need hardly examine them. Comden and Green's book is as bright as it can be under the circumstances of its initial hazard, offering here and there the casually witty retort for which these engaging writers are noted. The lyrics would have been better had Comden and Green written them.

Ron Field's direction and choreography are everything they need to be. The cast as a whole is tiptop. Pretty Penny Fuller as the wily Eve sings well and can probably act beyond the requirements of the show. Lee Roy Reams as a loyal and amiable hairdresser-*cum*-secretary is unqualifiedly agreeable in song, dance and playing. Len Carious as the director willy-nilly in love with Margo fulfills his assignment with good grace.

Lauren Bacall (Margo, of course) is the personality which sustains *Applause*. I say "personality" because I do not believe that it is any of her specifically professional endowments—though she possesses these too—which so endears her to the audience. She is like most stars—particularly in musicals—something exemplary, a personage who radiates subliminal meaning, an essence unconsciously treasured by the mass of theatregoers, an "emblem" of the time.

What she represents is the smart woman, disabused of phony chic and yet herself chic, trim, energetic, an aware citizen, not a clotheshorse or a sex object. She is success without the smirch of vulgarity or ostentation. Above all, she is complete in her *own* character. (Most people's character nowadays is of general issue.) There is a hardness in Bacall to protect her from the surround-

Where are the historians when there are riots in the streets, marches on the White House, bombs over Vietnam?



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ing slush. There may also be some loss of feeling, but for that very reason she appears wise, she comes clean, she commands respect.

Landscape and *Silence* are two one-act plays by Harold Pinter (The Forum of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center), originally written for television. They were then presented last July in London at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, the first night of which I attended. Together these two plays run for less than an hour.

They might be described as examples of minimal art. In both, men and women —more or less rural types—devote themselves to remembrances of things past, voicing their thoughts aloud. These ruminations touch on their mutual love life. The language is simple, pared down to essentials, though these too are comprised of trivialities. The two plays are literary exercises, minor essays in stream-of-thought writing which adumbrate larger drama. As such they may be deemed successful. But it is absurd, even pretentious, to assign them major importance in the Pinter canon.

There is intelligence, sensibility and humane feeling in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds* by Paul Zindel. It is being given at a new theatre complex at 240 Mercer Street. There are several small, well-arranged auditoriums in the building which Off-Broadway producers may use to advantage.

On the basis of his first entry, Zindel is a writer to be encouraged. His play is about a widow, very poor and grown eccentrically cruel and slovenly through the vicissitudes of her life. She earns little as the guardian of an exceedingly aged woman disposed of by a lady—probably her daughter—who no longer wishes to take care of her. The widow has two teen-age daughters: a flighty one who is afflicted by convulsive fits; the other so shy as to seem retarded, but in fact gifted with an inquiring and imaginative mind.

The point of the play, which is not without humor, is that despite the sordidness of her environment and her mother's misanthropy, the incipiently creative daughter cherishes love for the wonder of the world and hope for its future.

The play is "old-fashioned," harking back to a slice-of-life realism rarely practiced any more, but the clarity of its writing, the health of its spirit, and the touching courage of its basic statement are most sympathetic. It faces life far more honestly than the muddy stream of playlets which speak gleefully about the world going to hell.

Though the performance does not reach the highest pitch of its possibilities, the acting by the whole cast—Sada Thompson, Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt and Swoosie Kurtz—is in tune.

Speaking of new playwrights it is only fair to mention Larry Cohen whose *Nature of the Crime* was an earnest effort which captured one's attention. It involved a scientist in government service who, by knowingly withholding information of a formula which might lead to the making of a weapon more destructive than those already available, falls foul of the law. But there is another aspect to the play: a fellow scientist of German birth, who harbors vengeful sentiments in regard to the German people for their crimes against humanity (and particularly the Jews), is converted to the realization that not all Germans were guilty of Nazi barbarism. There is also some delving into the younger scientist's inadequate sexual capacities. Thus, while the unfolding story was far from uninteresting, the overall effect was blurred.

Outstanding in this production were excellent performances by Tony Lo Bianco as the young scientist and by Gerald Gordon as his lawyer. The setting by Walter Rittman contributed strikingly to the occasion.

Sam Shepard's *The Unseen Hand* and *Forensic and the Navigators* were two one-acters which played briefly at the Astor Place Theatre. The first, with some striking sight gags and flashes of fun, repeated in a more fanciful fashion the theme more clearly articulated in the same author's *Operation Sidewinder*: that those who free themselves of the "unseen hand" by which the established powers control them will escape the debacle of our civilization, while those who cling to the present order or hanker for the fake romance of the past will decay or be destroyed. The second skit is a madcap spoof on conspiracy in which everyone is shown destined to be blown up or enveloped in blinding smoke. Shepard's talent will go up in smoke if he contents himself with little more than farcical ploys. He must move beyond his previous sallies, provocative and entertaining as some of them are. Dramatic vigor is not attained by symbolic whimsy alone, no matter how "revolutionary" its intent.

During this busy week I also saw Shelley Winters in *Minnie's Boys*, a musical about the Marx brothers by Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Hal Hackady (Imperial Theatre). It contains a witty performance by Lewis Stadlen as Groucho in his youth.

There was also Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., ably employed in still another musical, *Look to the Lilies*, based on a Sidney Poitier film. The book is by Leonard Spigelgass, the music by Jule Styne, the lyrics by Sammy Cahn. It is mild stuff to which no serious objection need be made. But I wish writers of musicals would give up basing their shows on old movies and get down to doing their own thing. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The exhibition "Explorations" achieved some notoriety last year when, as the American contribution to the Sao Paulo biennial, it was canceled because participating artists withdrew in protest against the political situation in Brazil. Now it is in Washington, at the Smithsonian Institution's National Collection of Fine Arts (the old Patent Office), though still with several abstentions. I think myself that it is ludicrous to punish dictatorships by depriving them of modern art. All that happens is that the input of outside information, already reduced, is decreased still further. It is precisely in countries like Brazil, where international contacts are below average, that biennial exhibitions still have the positive function of informing the host country of recent developments. The only people to regret the absence of the foreign art would be the nationals who are also intellectuals; neither the deprivation nor the storm in a teacup of the scandal would be of any concern to the regime in power. Some of the protesting artists were perhaps really rejecting North American politics, inasmuch as Hans Haacke, Robert Morris and Robert Smithson are still absent from the exhibition. The show is M.I.T.-originated, and organizer Gyorgy Kepes, director of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies, has surrounded himself with seven Fellows from the Center, as well as a supporting cast of other artists.

"Explorations" has an ideological background that is worth indicating before I appraise the individual works on view. It is one of those art and technology exhibitions in which industrial society is supposed to find its true image. The source of this idea, in its modern form, is the Bauhaus. Walter Gropius, founder of the school, declared his initial aim in 1919 as being to abolish the "isolation" of the arts. He proposed to do this by bringing to art "the architectonic spirit which it has lost as 'salon art.'" Moholy-Nagy, founder of the *New* Bauhaus in Chicago in 1937, reaffirmed this unifying plan and stressed its technological means. "It is the artist's duty today to . . . search the new dimensions of the industrial society."

When this dual aim was formulated,

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of para-individualistic art using modern materials, the idea was not unreasonable. It seemed that an extension of the then new discipline of industrial design to the whole of the man-made environment was logical, especially as it had yet to be tried. (There are analogies here with contemporaneous American technocracy and with Italian fascism—fascism, that is, as a thrust toward managerial rationality.) It remained largely an optimistic ideal, frustrated by the level of technology and the difficulty artists had getting hold of the right tools. Now, however, we live slap in the middle of the old Bauhaus' tomorrow. Easily manipulable technologies are available and funds are not too hard to obtain from obliging industry. We are, in fact, inundated by art of the kind hoped for in Bauhaus theory, in which the artist becomes technically hip and industry becomes humanized (like the final handshake of Capital and Labor on the roof of the Cathedral in Fritz Lang's "Metropolis").

Kepes is in the straight Bauhaus line when he states, in the catalogue of "Explorations," that "an exhibition, as an anthology of works of art and spotlighting the quality of individual works and personal achievements, no longer seems a force." Therefore, he has aimed to present the art works as a community of interlocking areas. Kepes likens his show, in which the artists' old-fashioned individualities are supposed to fuse, to ecology, but the comparison is unconvincing. The imposition of togetherness on highly independent artists is hard to achieve and the artists have defeated him.

The overall plan of the show as presented in Washington is that you move from a bright, untidy foyer to a dark, untidy chamber. On the way in there is a mural by Stan Van Der Beek, consisting of numerous small sheets of images transmitted by telecopier and controlled by telephone from M.I.T. to Washington. This will continue for the duration of the show, so that the mural will always be changing. However, the new panels will be put up by a guard, not entrusted to visitors, so that each spectator will see only one phase. The idea of long-distance control and perpetual change is a nice one, but an experience of this fact at the receiving end would be nice, too. Despite my admiration of Van Der Beek's work, I can only conclude that the technical expertise here is, finally, pointless. Being left in the air is a common experience in such exhibitions.

The entrance to what is, in effect, the main section of the show, past Van Der Beek, is over Kepes' own "Photoelastic Walk," on which your weight as you step produces color changes. The dark chamber is painted mat black, so that all the light works show up; however, instead of the architecture of the room being dissolved away, it looks like a tenebrous cavern. All the flashing lights and shimmying rods and transparent walls and silver pillows (not Warhol's, unfortunately) fail to give the effect of art and technology reconciled, a model of order for us all. The sum of these works is a frivolous and gross fantasy of technology, like Buck Rogers or its modern descendant, Marvel comic books. To suggest the effect of this environment consider what happens to the work of one of the good artists in the show. Otto Piene, whose "Fleurs du Mal," an inflatable piece, is made to look like mutated cacti in a mad scientist's underground laboratory.

Many of the technologically derived works can be placed and seem to belong in a spectrum of fantasy that runs from horror movies through comic books to science fiction. The dumbest level is that of horror movies as evoked by Preston McClanahan's "Cobweb." The fact that it is of sprayed vinyl plastic does not stop it from looking like the old-fashioned creepy drapes that hung in the house of Dracula. The sharper level is like that of technical science fiction, as represented by, say, Hal Clement's short stories that devolve on one tiny fact of physics or chemistry. Richard Venezky and Jerry Erdman's wall-piece of tubing, with liquids pumped through them that carry phosphor powders energized at intervals by concealed lights, is of this type. It is elegant and right, but not momentous or sustaining. It seems clear, after "Explorations" and all the other shows of this kind, that the junction of art and technology does not result in cultural lodestones, but in an art of mostly trivial *effects*. You feel more a part of the 20th century by making a phone call from the Metroliner on the way home from Washington.

The best part of the show is certainly two corridors, to which two artists have withdrawn their works from the Babel outside. There is a "Liquid Environment" by Lila Katzen, in which thousands of small vinyl pouches, filled with fluorescent liquid and lit by ultraviolet, stretch for 32 feet, an extraordinary work by virtue of its extension of glamorous color to environmental proportions. This leads to a 44-foot corridor by Les Levine, called "White Sight"; it is lit by sodium lights which banish color, leaving you gauntly occupying a tonal world of gritty, abnormally clear, surfaces. It is, I am sure, not accidental that both these successful works completely exclude the ambience of the show. They are individualistic, in the non-Bauhaus sense of the word. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Here is an honest-to-goodness success story. In spring 1967, American Ballet Theatre presented a new ballet called *Harbinger*, choreographed by one of its soloists, Eliot Feld. The ballet was received enthusiastically and Mr. Feld became something of a celebrity at the age of 25. His next ballet, *At Midnight*, was as profound and beautiful as Mahler's "Four Ruckert Songs," to which the work was written. Feld was still a celebrity, but there was such depth and skill in *At Midnight* that it became impossible to keep him in the "young talented" category, which is probably the most left-handed compliment you can pay to any artist who takes his work seriously.

With his work, *At Midnight*, it was ob-

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vious that a very fine choreographer was in our midst. It was also clear that Feld understood this and that he wanted to do things his way, and quickly. In 1968 he retired from American Ballet Theatre with the announced intention of becoming a free-lance choreographer, but also, I suspect, with the idea of forming his own ballet company. In any case, that is what Feld managed to do, with the help of Harvey Lichtenstein of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Feld's American Ballet Company made its debut in June 1969 at Spoleto, Italy, and its New York debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in October 1969. A resident company of the Academy, it gave a second season there during the first part of April.

The important point about this success story is that it has a future. There is nothing flash-in-the-pan about it. Forming a new ballet company is always daring and makes news; but for Feld that is already in the past. The American Ballet Company is now slowly and quietly going about its business. While the repertory is definitely Feld's, there has been an attempt to broaden the scope: Herbert Ross's *Caprichos* and *The Maids*; Donald McKayles' *Games*; and Fokine's *Carnaval*, which was dropped this season. The company is a manageable size of seventeen. Most important, the troupe has a ballet school to feed it.

Then there is Eliot Feld, who is, simply, a natural. The dancing spins out of his head, yes, but with thought, not clever calculation; with drama, not theatrical tricks; with beauty, not sentimentality; with originality, not eccentricity. He can use space conventionally, without the banality of matching cuffs and collar, or he can throw all the spatial weight to one side of the stage without tipping off balance. He can mix ballet and a more modern style, as in *Harbinger* and *At Midnight*, and come out with a unity that is not derivative or eclectic. He can deal with 18th-century delicacy (*Meadowlark*), 19th-century romanticism (*Intermezzo*), and 20th-century despair (the first part of *At Midnight*) from a personal point of view. Each ballet is different; all look like Feld.

He is also musical and wise enough to know that it is easier to choreograph to good music. So far, he has set ballets to Haydn, Mahler, Prokofieff, Brahms, Bartók, and most recently the songs of Richard Strauss for his new *Early Songs*. The one time that he used a composer's triviality as the basis for a work (Chabrier, for the satirical pas de deux *Cortège Burlesque*), the ballet backfired. You can't poke fun at the pas de deux and silly music unless you first put up real targets to shoot down. Feld loaded the dice for this work, so that the music and virtuoso style never has a chance.

Excluding this mistake of a ballet, Feld is a superb choreographer, an honest, ambitious artist, sensible enough to want the very best. At this moment, his dancers lack the technique, experience and sense of bodily definition to do justice to the choreographic material. Frankly, *Harbinger* and *At Midnight* looked better when danced by the American Ballet Theatre, and I can't help imagining how gorgeous *Intermezzo* would be if its rhapsodic movement were deposited in the bodies of mature dancers. But I know also that choreographers of Feld's stature need their own family, and the fact that Feld knows it is a fairly reliable indicator that he'll develop a good one.

Music and choreography usually make or break a ballet, but they do not explain the greatness of *Petrouchka* (with due recognition to Stravinsky's score, which is one of his best and my own favorite). The key here is plot. The situation—puppets living real lives—brims over with implication and metaphor. Where does art end and nature begin? When the crowd watches the puppets, are they witnessing a play or real life? By having a life independent of the puppeteer, are the puppets in revolt against a dictator; do they represent the imagination? Is Petrouchka's final cry after his death one of revenge, a representation of the onlookers' guilt, or an affirmation of art, which outlives its creator?

These ideas are so intrinsic to the ballet that no production could smother them. The City Center Joffrey Ballet revival, however, did not explore and come to grips with the basic metaphor; it stressed instead the ballet's Russian local color and details in the mob scenes. The stage was swarming with people and they were handled well. The gypsy variations and so forth were nicely placed in the milieu, emerging out of the general hubbub but still part of it. But when the three puppets were used in the same way, then this *Petrouchka* ran into trouble.

The puppets must dominate the ballet in order for the plot to make its greatest impact, but here not even the episodes in the puppets' cells managed to create a clear focus. Lacking this necessary definition, the general atmosphere of the ballet never developed; the sense of something strange and foreboding casting an ambiguous shadow over the crowd was missing. So was the underlying conflict between the crowd, bent on having a gay time watching cute puppets, and the puppets themselves, who can offer only violence and tragedy. Most crucial, there was no feeling that events were out of control; that *Petrouchka* is in part about chaos.

It is hard to assign blame. It may be that *Petrouchka* requires a performing tension that the Joffrey company cannot deliver. It is certainly true that the dancers I saw as the puppets lacked drama and guts. Erika Goodman was not heartless and brittle enough for the Ballerina, who scorns Petrouchka. Christian Holder exaggerated the Moor's clumsiness and sensuality to the point of burlesque. It is bad enough to be a ham, but he also ignored the Moor's evil morality, which must be exposed so that Petrouchka may stand in contrast. Edward Verso's Petrouchka is still a shadow of the character. Fokine's choreography for *Petrouchka* is tormented, intense and temperamental, a combination of the difficult child and the persecuted man. Verso needs to put passion and *brio* into the knock-kneed, introverted physical outline of the character. □

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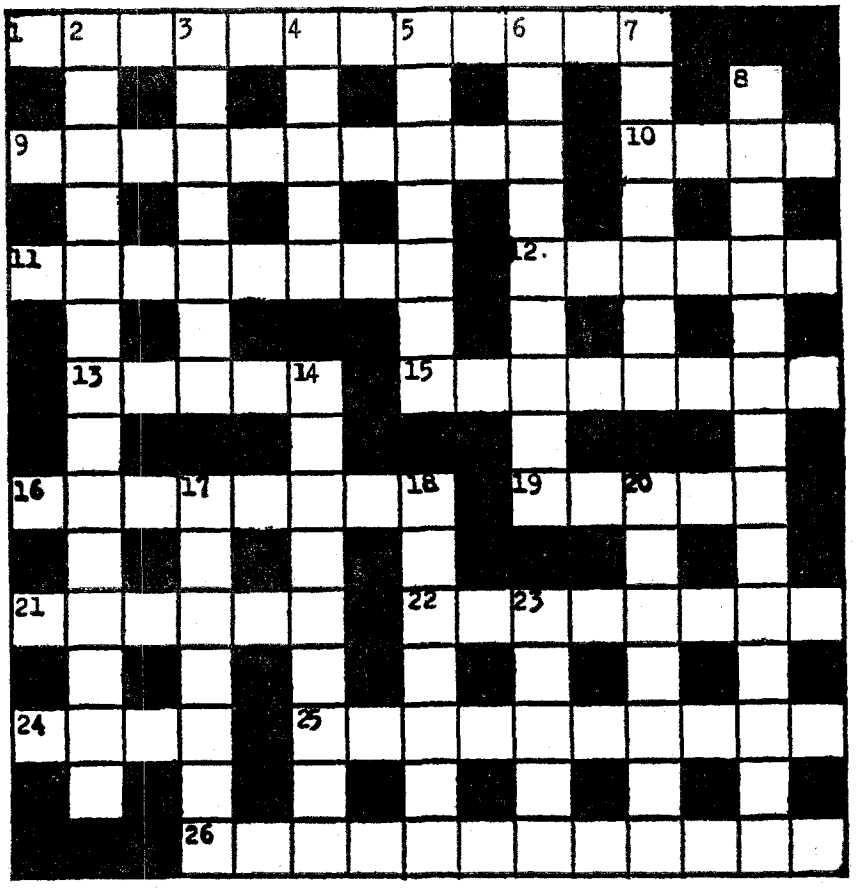

ACROSS

1 I meet it coming back in all existing things, and especially places of learning. (12)
9 You might find them upside-down in different interpretations. (10)
10 and 7 down Still drawn out? (4,7)
11 and 12 Frankfurter as the possible ingredient, to indulge in French cuisine, but one may not use what one has. (3,2,3,6)
13 For example, one finger. (5)
15 Conveys a gratuity inside, or more regular payments. (8)
16 It might be served in a warm and amusing style. (8)
19 Act in a mincing way, as some comics do. (3,2)
21 Informal chat. (6)
22 In country residences about it, they're supposed to wear black hats. (8)
24 Make a study of a former British colony. (4)
25 Mice don't like cheese which is so knocked about. (10)
26 They seldom are as advertised, making somewhat of a patsy's enemy. (4,8)

DOWN

2 Typified by a baseball team? (Cards carry one, of middling value.) (4,2,8)
3 The G.I. never could make it by turning aside. (7)
4 Trees, if uprooted, might have to be. (5)
5 They might have pressing business. (7)
6 One might not find the rest comes easy. (9)
7 See 10 across
8 To place one who relies on you in a grave position, when mutually relying on each other? (14)
14 Their charges become effective on a scheduled basis. (4,5)
17 Attack the best one, so they say. (7)
18 If it were down instead, it would be silence, but in any case game. (5-2)
20 It's just foolish talk! (7)
23 Having a lot of escapes from normal confinement. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1341

ACROSS: 1 Nudist; 4 Scotland; 10 Theater; 12 Orson; 15 Add up; 17 Offstage; 21 Splinter; 23 Ensue; 26 Allah; 28 and 25 You said it; 29, 1 down and 11 Gross national product; 30 Dog star; 31 Heading; 32 Ticklish; 33 Adages. DOWN: 2 Dressed; 3 Satin; 5 Capon; 6 Thorn; 7 Amusing; 8 Detest; 9 Cross out; 16 and 13 Poison; 18 Farouche; 19 and 14 Toenails; 20 Messages; 22 Pelagic; 24 Scoring; 28 Yards; 29 and 27 Grand Hotel.

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